

4th Stack

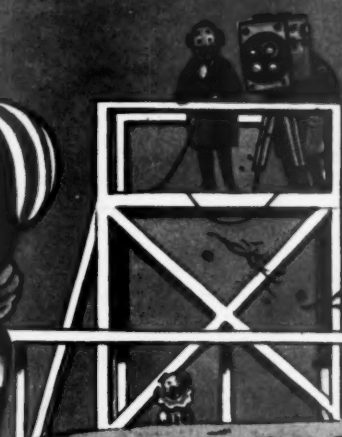
GENERAL INFORMATION

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

APR 11 1961

9d

Punch



JUST
TRY TO
FIND THE
'ORDINARY'
IN AN
AUSTIN
SEVEN

Punch, March 22 1961



The Austin Seven has four wheels (five, if you count the spare). But there the resemblance to an ordinary car stops. ■ Ordinary cars don't double their size the moment you get inside—the Austin Seven does (it's the largest, roomiest car ever packed into ten tiny feet). ■ Ordinary cars don't have the engine mounted sideways—the Austin Seven does. ■ Ordinary cars don't have front-wheel drive—the Austin Seven does. ■ Ordinary cars don't have all-round independent suspension—the Austin Seven does. ■ Ordinary cars do have a transmission shaft—the Austin Seven doesn't. ■ Ordinary cars do have a rear axle—the Austin Seven doesn't. ■ Ordinary cars... but why go on? From bumper to bumper this car is pure revolution.

AUSTIN

BUT BE WARNED!

The Austin Seven isn't everyone's car. It's for those who don't mind being in the centre of things—the focus of interest for the curious of all ages. It's for people who enjoy showing other people under the bonnet, and under the back seat. Where the luggage goes. And how the miles go! It's for people who never get bored with the endless questions about (a) how fast it will go, (b) how many miles it will do to a gallon, and (c) how much it costs. (Your Austin dealer will tell you that the answers are (a) over 70 mph, (b) up to 50 mpg, and (c) under £500.*)

*£350, plus £146.19.2 RT.



By Appointment to
Her Majesty The Queen
Motor Car Manufacturers
The Austin Motor
Company Limited



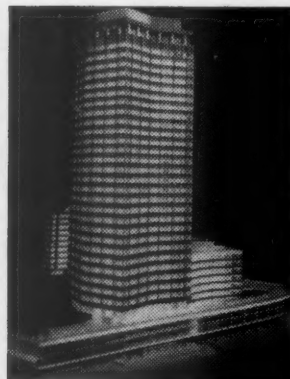
Backed by
BMC 12-month
warranty
and BMC
service

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

APR 11 1961

HOME READING



The tallest office block in London is steadily taking shape alongside the Tate Gallery on Millbank. At 387 ft. (34 storeys) it will be some 60 ft. higher than Big Ben.

To build it Mowlems are using the most up-to-date methods and materials. With them they combine a century-old tradition of craftsmanship, exemplified in such London landmarks as the Admiralty Arch, Battersea Power Station and, indeed, Imperial Chemical House and Thames House alongside the site where they are now working.

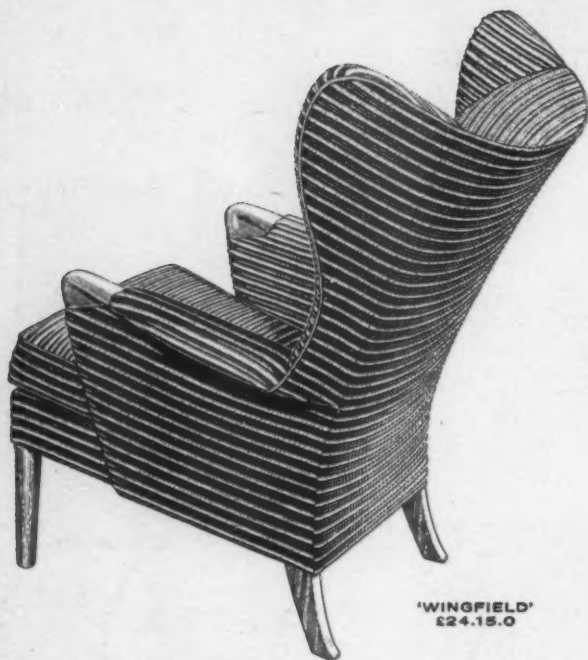
Architects: Ronald Ward & Partners
Consulting Engineer: G. W. Kirkland
Esq., M.B.E., M.I.C.E.

MOWLEM

John MOWLEM & Co. Ltd
91 Ebury Bridge Road
London SW1
Telephone SLOane 4500

What are Mowlems building now?

Yet another London landmark



'WINGFIELD'
£24.15.0



'PENSHURST'
£25.15.0

Our new catalogue gives you full details of the range. Write now for this attractive book to: The Courtyard, Frogmoor, High Wycombe, Bucks.

PARKER-KNOLL comfort

Showrooms: 234 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.
Also at 33 King Street, Manchester. 35 Park Street, Bristol.
43 Temple Street, Birmingham and High Wycombe.

CVS 485

by
KUNZLE
the cake in a full cream
milk chocolate shell
C. Kunzle Ltd., Five Ways, Birmingham

M-W.119



Now—a watch
with high
fashion sense
...and the
radiance of
sapphire
crystal

Elegant and enchanting JEWEL SONG by Rotary—with its synthetic sapphire crystal, diamond-hard, virtually unbreakable. Both the watch and its bracelet are superbly made, richly designed and deliciously pretty. You'll love wearing JEWEL SONG—the jewellery that tells you the time!

JEWEL SONG
21 jewels precision movement. In 9 ct. gold.
£45.0 0.

ROTARY
WATCHES

Accuracy and distinction
at a reasonable price





TELL THEM BY TELEX

Telex now fully automatic



She types in two places at once ...

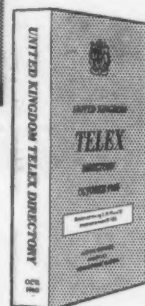
All over Britain, all over the world, messages are being typed and instantly transmitted in typescript ... to all points of the compass! This is Telex, now fully automatic throughout Britain. To contact a distant correspondent, the operator need only dial a simple code number and type the message. The receiving machine immediately translates electrical impulses into a type-written duplicate of the original message.

Telex calls are cheap, and the new automatic service in Britain is practically instantaneous. By the autumn, subscriber to subscriber dialling will have been extended to many European countries.

Can you afford to do without this efficient, modern system of communication? If you are already a Telex subscriber, are you making full use of its amazing capacity? Send it by Telex.

GPO TELEX SALES

Ask your area Telephone Manager to give you a Telex demonstration, or write for further information and a booklet to: GPO Telex Sales Headquarters Building · St. Martin's le Grand · London · E.C.1 · Telephone No: Headquarters 5163 · Telex No: 21166



Is
YOUR name
in this book?

Businesses throughout the country are increasing their efficiency by installing Telex. To those with overseas interests, it is vital equipment. Flip through the Telex Directory, to see how many of your customers and competitors are Telex subscribers.



ATCO

bring the QUIETEST 4-Stroke Motor Mowing within reach of everyone!

The new 12" and 14" ATCO'S set a new standard for domestic motor mowing. They are as revolutionary in conception as were the original ATCO Motor Mowers in 1921. They are simpler to operate, have more complete specifications, and are stronger and lighter than ever before. And the New Low Prices* make ATCO Motor Mowing a must for even the Smallest Lawn.

... AND REMEMBER IT IS ATCO FOR LIFE!

The quality of ATCO service has been a bye-word for the past 40 years. Every ATCO can be serviced from one of the many ATCO-owned branches, and EVERYWHERE there is an ATCO Engineer ready to advise and help you with your motor mowing problems.

*You must ask your Dealer to tell you the new prices — 14" model only £38. 4. 9, with Extended Terms of course.

Better still, write now to ATCO for the 1961 literature.

SPECIAL ATCO FEATURES:

NEW 4/Stroke ENGINE specially designed for ATCO mowing.
ATCO "Recoil" Starter.
Exceptionally smooth CLUTCH;
unique CUTTERS giving 74 Cuts per yard which can be driven independently of the rear roller. Built in FREEWHEEL. A complete range of flexible driven tools including Hedge Trimmer. is available for most models.



CHARLES H. PUGH LTD., P.O. Box No. 256, Atco Works, Birmingham, 9

Mr. and Mrs. Gully
9 Howell Crescent
Ambridge,
Glasgow.

had got in somehow. There was a hole the size of my fist in the cable and the only thing to do was to cut that section out and replace it. By the time we got supply back we were up to our elbows in mud. Mum will be specially interested to hear that when I got back to my digs I did the laundry myself. Being on the job is certainly the meat in this sandwich course, for me anyway. In September I go back to college for the last leg, then I'll be on the job for good. I can hardly wait, and Mr. Henderson, the Operations and Maintenance Engineer, is going to try to get me back here with him, which will be just the job if it comes off.

Dad will hardly believe this but I made a break of 48 in the Sub-Area Tournament last night, so when I come home

Young men get on in the Nation's Electricity Supply

For details of careers in Electricity Supply write, stating your age and the exams you have passed, to the: Education and Training Officer, The Electricity Council, 146 Winsley Street, London, W.1.

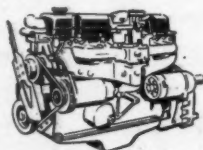
Own a wonderful world! Own a Vauxhall



Own a 1961 Vauxhall Cresta and be master of all you survey, lord (and lady) of everything under the holiday sun.
Own a Cresta and be master of a host of inspired features. Own a Cresta and be sure of lasting quality and lasting enjoyment.

'Motorway age' engine

High cruising speeds.
High average speeds.
Vivid performance
with outstanding
economy and long life.



Sure roadholding



Low centre of gravity, road-clinging suspension . . .
owners say the Cresta lays its own rails on corners.

Hydra-matic transmission

(Optional, £170 extra
incl. P.T.)



Simplest, smoothest, safest automatic transmission.
Takes the tension out of traffic driving. Velox and
Cresta . . . only British cars below £3,000 to have it.

Vauxhall extra quality

Splendid finish outside. Splendid finish inside.
Elegant facia. Top quality chrome plating. Stainless
steel surrounds to windscreen and rear window.
Underbody sealing. Underwing sealing.
Completely proof against dust, draughts, water.

Everyone drives better

All-synchro gears . . .
better vision . . .
safer roadholding.
L drivers know it.
Women drivers know it.
Traffic drivers know it.



Vauxhall Value

Victor prices from £723.12.6 inc. P.T.
Velox £655 plus £274.0.10 P.T. £929.0.10.
Cresta (above) £715 plus £299.0.10 P.T. £1,014.0.10.
Go to your nearest Vauxhall Dealer and have a trial run.
Ask for details of the new easier hire purchase terms.

Vauxhall Motors Limited, Luton, Beds.

EVERYONE DRIVES BETTER IN A VAUXHALL

More than a thousand Vauxhall dealers offer top quality service with factory-trained mechanics and charges based on standard times.

building for prosperity

Hills Factory Construction Systems — swift, simple, economical — is keeping pace with Industry's demand for expansion. Buildings of every size, from single to five-storey construction, are being erected throughout the country, contributing to the national plan for prosperity.

Please write to us if you would like to receive full information on Hills Factory Construction System.



Dowty Group Ltd., Architect, C. R. Kirby, Esq., A.R.I.B.A.

HILLS FACTORY CONSTRUCTION SYSTEM

HILLS (WEST BROMWICH) LTD., ALBION ROAD, WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS.
Branches at Manchester, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, London and Glasgow.

P.4



shoes for all occasions

Dashing about town and rushing around the countryside, Lotus casual shoes stay comfortable and good-looking

KNOLE 85/9

A formal casual with long, elegant lines. In a wide choice of soft leathers: box calf, beechnut aniline, tan suede, vandyke suede, taupe suede. Also for evening wear in black suede; all with REAL LEATHER SOLES.

Lotus Limited Stafford

RUGGED...

ORB-STAMPED HARRIS TWEED leads a man's life. Strong, robust, exceptionally hardwearing. A traditionally superb tweed without so much as a single strand of synthetic fibre. The Orb Mark is your safeguard that the tweed has been independently inspected according to regulations approved by the Board of Trade, and that it is wholly produced in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides.

So, always look for the
Orb Mark before you buy—

HARRIS TWEED



Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd.



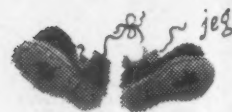


Mrs. Benton buys a Marini

No. 34—*Danseuse*. Bronze, 54". Marini at his best. Never before has Hilda Benton been so tempted. But why must lovely things cost so much...? Thank heavens, then, for UDT.

Mrs. Benton bought her new car through UDT, and UDT also helped her husband to fence the paddock last year. But whoever would expect them to help buy a work of art? Yet what a sensible way of solving a financial problem! For UDT is ready not only to help you expand your business but also to enrich your life in many ways. None of us likes breaking into capital, so it's a great help when UDT enables us to buy things by paying for them over the months. We needn't let chances slip simply because it's not convenient to pay all at once. This time tomorrow, thanks to UDT, "No. 34—*Danseuse*" will be standing, happy and beautiful, in the Benton home.

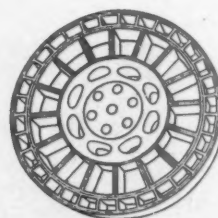
UDT
helps people
to help
themselves



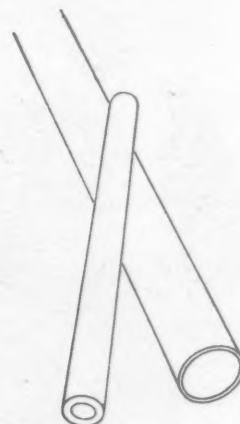
Accles & Pollock think if some people were in other people's shoes they might know more about Accles & Pollock

Unique in so many ways, Accles & Pollock are perhaps the only firm in the country to keep a Counting House for the express purpose of keeping count of how many people don't know enough about Accles & Pollock tubes. According to the Directors' latest report, the figures for the UK exceed those of the total population (excluding babes-in-arms and the Directors themselves) by 2,365,023.

In a brief note to the Advertising Department attached to the report, the Directors give final notice (a month's) that if this situation is not quickly put to rights by the next advertisement they wouldn't be in our shoes for anything.



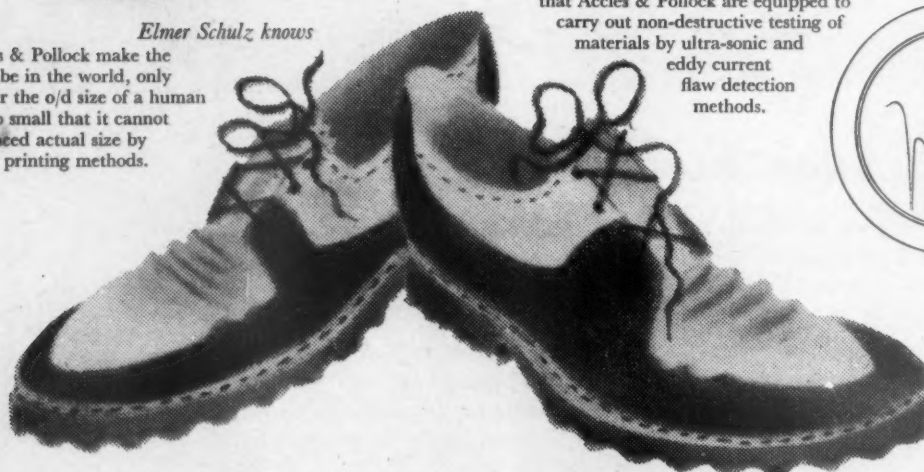
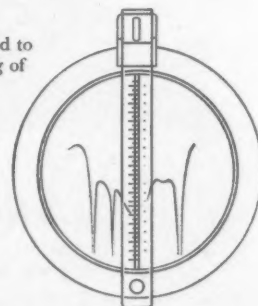
Mr. Snead knows
that Accles & Pollock
make stainless steel tubes
with multiple bores.

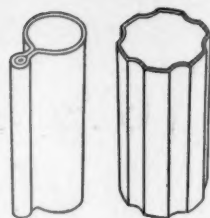


He doesn't know
that Accles & Pollock have a ready supply of
stainless steel tubes (seamless, welded and
drawn-welded) and carbon steel tubes (seamless,
and drawn-welded), in straight lengths in
a vast selection of gauges and sizes.

Elmer Schulz knows
that Accles & Pollock make the
smallest tube in the world, only
one quarter the o/d size of a human
hair and so small that it cannot
be reproduced actual size by
newspaper printing methods.

He doesn't know
that Accles & Pollock are equipped to
carry out non-destructive testing of
materials by ultra-sonic and
eddy current
flaw detection
methods.





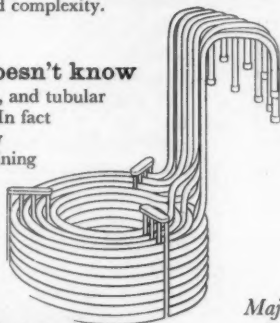
Mr. Rogers knows

that he can save time and money by selecting a shaped tube from the 2,000 different non-circular tubes made by A. & P.—tubes in almost every size, shape, metal and complexity.



He doesn't know

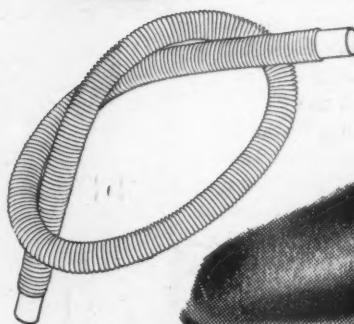
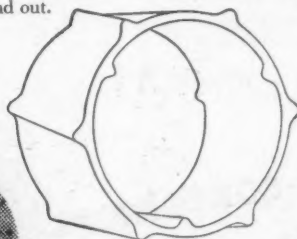
that Accles & Pollock make "U" bends, and tubular coils in almost any size, shape or form. In fact they have recently made a coil assembly comprising ten separate coils and containing over half a mile of stainless tubing.



Major Sam Smith knows that Accles & Pollock make extended surface tubing in stainless and carbon steel with ribs both inside and out.

He doesn't know

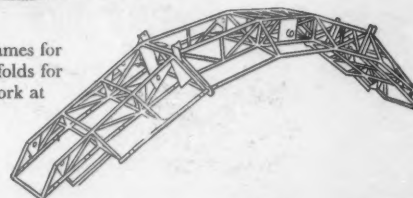
that some Accles & Pollock thin wall tubes have a wall thickness of only .003"—much thinner than an egg shell—at 1" o/d and .009" thick at 8" o/d.



Mr. Honeywhistle (Sen.) knows that Accles & Pollock make helically convoluted tubing in stainless steel and other metals which is as flexible as a hose pipe but a helically lot stronger.

He doesn't know

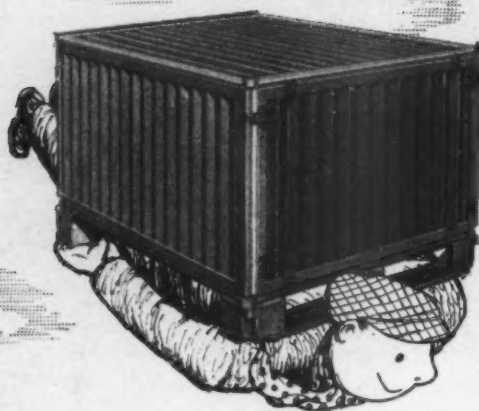
that tubular structures, from frames for radar scanners to exhaust manifolds for racing cars, are all in a day's work at Accles & Pollock.



Accles & Pollock LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM · A  COMPANY

Makers and manipulators of COLD DRAWN SEAMLESS and WELDED PRECISION TUBES in carbon and alloy steels, including stainless steel, and other metals.

TRW 317



collapsible

re-usable

ALUMINIUM

containers

The most efficient type of freight containers yet devised. Sides, top and base can be assembled in 30 seconds. The corrugated aluminium construction gives lightness with great strength. The design was, in fact, produced by Kaiser Aluminium to requirements of the United States Air Force and passed very stringent tests. When collapsed, occupies only 1/10th of the space required when loaded. Can be handled by fork truck, crane, all methods. Maximum load 3,500 lbs. with an empty weight of 65 lbs. Write for prices, capacities.

NEW from heston

THE HESTON GROUP
HESTON AIRPORT · HOUNSLOW · MIDDLESEX
TELEPHONE: HAYES 3844 (9 LINES)

Very very good shoes

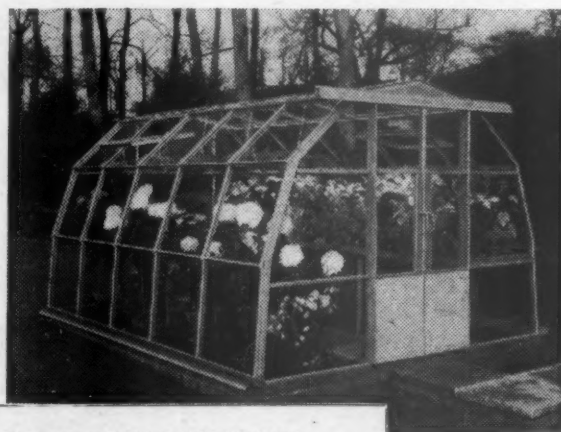
With a masterly, masculine elegance. Cut from splendid, rich leathers with the flair that means style—and the skill that spells comfort. In many styles, casual and formal. For an illustrated leaflet and list of stockists write to Dept. P.30.

**CROCKETT
& JONES
OF NORTHAMPTON**

GAVIN A flexible Casual in Black,
Loam Brown or Tobacco Aniline Calf 79/11



CV8 20



The Famous Hartley "10" glasshouse contains all these features: Aluminium alloy construction, maximum light, no-draught ventilation, sliding doors, easily erected. Extra working space—width 10ft.

Improved finish by stove enamelling which is more durable and by far superior to any other method. Patent glazing: each pane of glass is enclosed on all four edges in P.V.C. extrusion: this in turn is completely enclosed within a metal section rendering the glass completely shock-proof, draught-proof and water-proof: thus breakages caused by expansion and contraction cannot possibly occur.

Available as Plant Houses or Glass to Ground as illustrated.

For further details and literature write to

**V. & N. HARTLEY, LTD.,
GREENFIELD near Oldham
Lancashire** Telephone: Saddleworth 444

**THE FAMOUS
HARTLEY
"10"
GLASSHOUSE**

THE GLASSHOUSE OF THE CENTURY

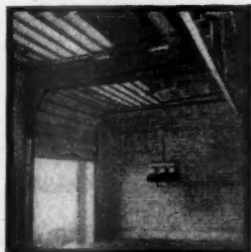
See the Hartley "10" at all the shows. Also makers of the Hartley "4" lean-to glasshouse and larger commercial glasshouses.



**"This is the complete
answer for
garage doors"**

Glydover Garage Doors
open and close at a touch...
replace side hung doors,
giving unrestricted space.
They are rust-resisting, all-
steel, powerfully counter
balanced and available with
power operation as an extra
for the motorist who wants
push-button luxury.
Write now for leaflet PC 388.

Right: Garage interior showing typical
power operated Glydover installation.



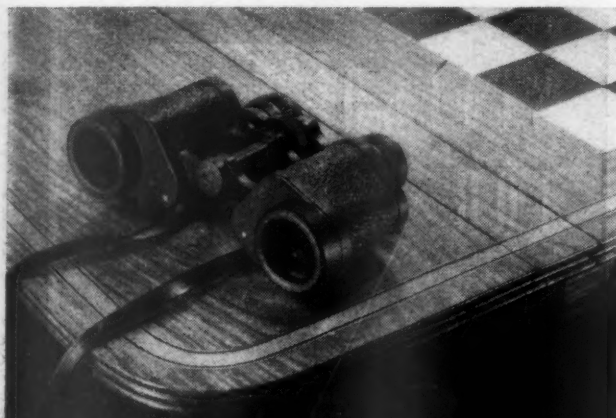
"GLYDOVER"

OVERHEAD GARAGE DOORS

BOLTON GATE CO LTD · BOLTON · LANC'S

Branches at London, Glasgow, Birmingham and towns throughout the country.

dm BG.388



**THE DEFINITION
OF PRECISION
BARR & STROUD BINOCULARS**

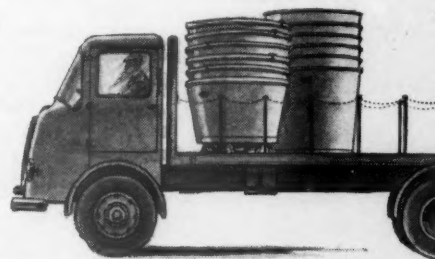
There are over twenty different types of Barr & Stroud
binoculars. To help you make the right choice may we
send you our 36-page booklet—"Choosing a Binocular"?

BARR & STROUD LTD · Ref.1.J · 1 Pall Mall East · London · S.W.1



NEST-A-BINS

Developed by Kaiser Industries in the United States,
to give much more efficient bulk handling of liquids
and granulated materials. Available in capacities of
365, 450 and 550 Imperial gallons and 54 or 70
cubic ft. Returning "empties" nest, to save
space. Nest-a-bins consist of two tightly fitted
halves which clamp together to preclude all
possibility of leakage. Their special shape enables
easy transference of all or part of the contents.
Primarily made in aluminium (though also
available in other metals), they are light in weight,
allowing the maximum amount of contents.
Please write for fully detailed leaflet.



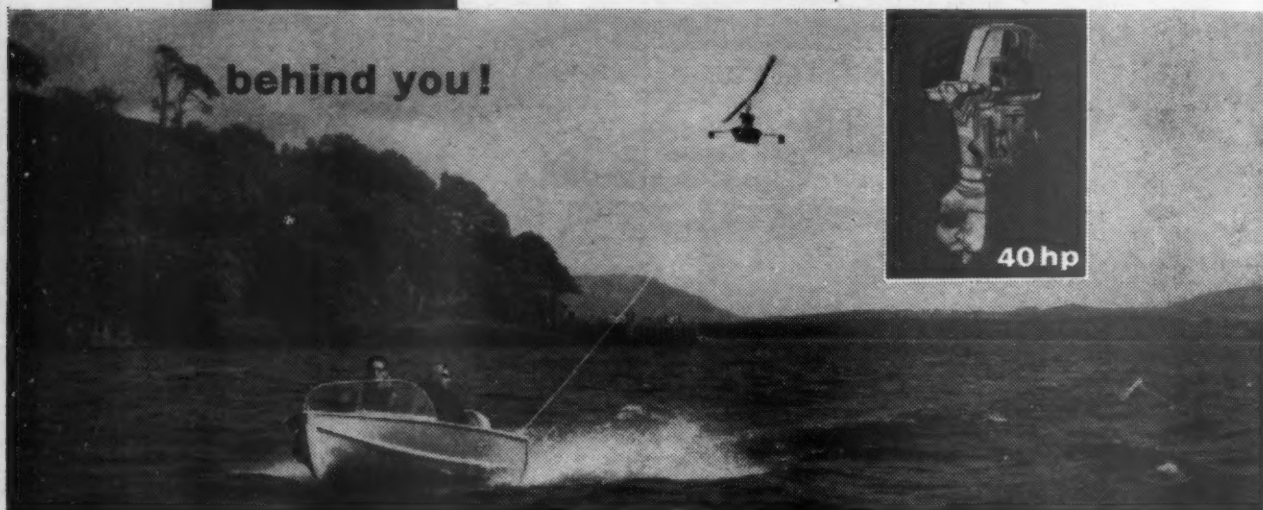
NEW from heston

THE HESTON GROUP
HESTON AIRPORT · HOUNSLOW · MIDDLESEX
TELEPHONE: HAYES 3844 (9 LINES)

More fun with

Perkins

behind you!



40 hp

And with a Perkins *beneath* you, if you like gyro-boating. The man in the sky is confident. The Perkins '40' outboard is dependable. Powerful. Smooth. A beautifully designed luxury outboard with electric starting; noise-and-vibration damping; single key switch for starting, running and choking; and a magneto alternator that keeps the battery charged. All this in the '40'—yet it's portable! For details of this and the other Perkins outboards (6, 16, and 35 h.p.) write to the address below. Prices from £82.10.0 (6 h.p. manual starting) £125.0.0 (16 h.p. manual starting) £147.0.0 (16 h.p. electric starting) £180.0.0 (35 h.p. manual starting) £217.10.0 (40 h.p. electric starting)

Over 100 'on-the-spot' service agents in the U.K.



Department P, Perkins Outboard Motors Limited, Peterborough, Northants.

Watch your Savings GROW

WITH GUARANTEED SECURITY-WITHOUT WORRY

PINNOCK FINANCE

COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LIMITED

OFFER UP TO

8%

PER ANNUM INTEREST

PLUS 1% ON DEPOSITS OF £500 OR MORE

Put your savings to work for you. Invest them with PINNOCK FINANCE and reap the benefit of these generous Interest Rates. Send to-day for the fully descriptive Brochure which tells you all about PINNOCK and explains how easy it is to open a Deposit Account.

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY

IF RE-INVESTED, £100 MORE THAN
DOUBLES ITSELF IN 16 YEARS

NO FEES, DUTY OR COMMISSION

EASY WITHDRAWALS
INITIAL DEPOSITS FROM £25

Pinnock Finance Co. (Gt. B.)
Ltd. is a member of the world-
wide Pinnock Group. Est.
1891. Assets over £1,000,000.

To: The Secretary

Pinnock Finance Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
127 Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Please send me fully Descriptive Booklet on
how to open a Deposit Account.

NAME

ADDRESS

P. 16

STYLED FOR MEN



Very thin water-
proof; rugged and
reliable for every-
day use - elegant for
dress wear. Stain-
less steel.

GIRARD-PERREGAUX

Fine Watches since 1791

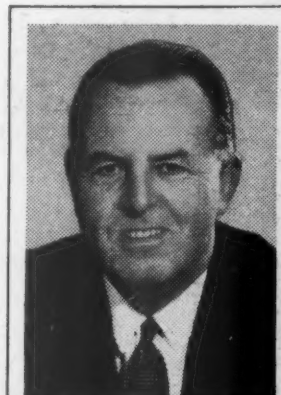
pronounced «JIRAR-PERRYGO»

LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS (SWITZERLAND)

THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

GRATIFYING RESULTS: SUBDIVISION OF SHARE CAPITAL

Mr. Michael W. Turner on World Affairs



Mr. Michael W. Turner, C.B.E.,
Chairman and Chief Manager

The Ordinary Yearly General Meeting of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation was held on March 10 in Hong Kong.

Mr. Michael W. Turner, C.B.E., the Chairman, presided and, in the course of his speech, said:

The profit for the year amounted to \$42,190,060, which is an increase of \$14,055,000 over last year. This figure includes the dividends declared by Mercantile Bank Limited and The British Bank of the Middle East.

It is proposed that a sum of \$4,000,000 should again be written off Bank Premises. After allowing for this provision and the interim dividend of £1 5s. 0d. per share your directors recommend the payment of a final dividend of £2 10s. 0d. per share which, on the shares outstanding at 31st December, 1960, amounts to \$25,400,596 leaving a balance of \$2,206,181 to be carried forward to next year.

BALANCE SHEET FEATURES

Turning to the Balance Sheet of the Bank, the total shows an increase of \$400,000,000 over the figure for 1959. The Issued Share Capital has increased by \$16,734,750, representing the par value of shares issued during the year to former shareholders of The British Bank of the Middle East. The Reserve Fund has been increased by \$64,813,357 and now stands at the equivalent of £15,000,000.

When we turn to the Assets side of the Balance Sheet we find that Cash in Hand, Trade Bills Discounted and Investments have decreased by \$69,000,000, \$9,000,000 and \$11,000,000 respectively. Money at Call and Short Notice has risen by \$21,000,000 and British and Other Government Treasury Bills by \$71,000,000 while Advances have increased by \$252,000,000.

The Consolidated Balance Sheet, which shows the overall position of the Bank and all its Subsidiary Companies, includes the Accounts of The British Bank of the Middle East for the first time and you will note that the total exceeds £445,000,000.

On the whole all members of our Group have had a satisfactory year and it has been very gratifying to your directors that they have been able to recommend an increased distribution to shareholders.

SUBDIVISION OF SHARES

For some time past our shares have been considerably higher in price than those of most banking companies and it has been suggested that this results in many small investors being discouraged from buying them. Although there has been no sign of any lack of demand, I think it is very likely that a lower-priced share would be more widely held. Your directors therefore decided that the time had come to divide the shares into smaller units and you will be asked to approve that the existing shares of \$125 be subdivided into shares of \$25 each and that the maximum individual shareholding should be increased from 10,000 to 50,000 shares. Provided these resolutions are passed, arrangements have been made for dealings in the new shares to start on 20th March,

both in Hong Kong and in London.

The report and accounts were adopted.

At an Extraordinary General Meeting which followed, resolutions were carried to subdivide the existing shares of HK\$125 into shares of HK\$25 each and to increase the maximum individual shareholding from 10,000 to 50,000 shares.

CHAIRMAN'S STATEMENT

The following is an extract from the Statement by the Chairman:

In the economic sphere the year has shown mixed tendencies. Western Europe and Japan have continued to forge ahead but in the United States and in the United Kingdom the position has not been quite so promising. The differing interest rates in various centres have resulted in substantial movements of short-term funds which has benefited a number of European countries, including the United Kingdom; in fact, the inflow of foreign funds was so embarrassing to Germany and Switzerland that steps were taken to discourage it. This factor contributed directly to the continuing deficit in the United States balance of payments and to the substantial loss of gold which led to speculation as to a possible increase in the official price. Notwithstanding the tremendous strength of the American economy and a favourable trade balance, the continuing drain is causing concern and a number of steps have been taken with the object of halting, and if possible reversing this trend. These include restrictions as to the use of certain aid funds, prohibition of American nationals from holding gold abroad and a categorical pledge by the President that neither the official price of gold nor the value of the dollar would be changed. While it is in the interests of the free world as a whole that these measures should succeed, the curtailment of dollar expenditure abroad is likely to involve a number of adjustments, as so many countries have benefited, either directly or indirectly, from the enormous amounts of aid and investment which have been made available by the United States since the war. In fact there is a danger that, unless there is an overall increase in world trade, the means used to strengthen the dollar, including an aggressive export drive, may have a detrimental effect on some other currencies. It is to provide safeguards against this possibility that interest has centred on the proposals to enlarge the scope of the International Monetary Fund with the object of increasing international liquidity. Meanwhile the facilities available from the Fund may be more widely used as a result of the recent acceptance by the principal western European countries of the full obligations of the Articles of Agreement, which has completed the move to formal convertibility for current transactions of nearly all the major currencies used to finance international trade.

Although there has been some decline in the level of prices of the main commodities produced in Asia during the year there has been an improvement in the economy of many of the countries in which we operate.



HEAD OFFICE: HONG KONG

Chairman and Chief Manager:

THE HON. MICHAEL W. TURNER, C.B.E.

London Office:

9 Gracechurch Street, E.C.3

London Managers:

S. W. P. Perry-Aldworth

G. A. Stewart

W. H. Lydall

CAPITAL AUTHORISED—

HK \$100,000,000

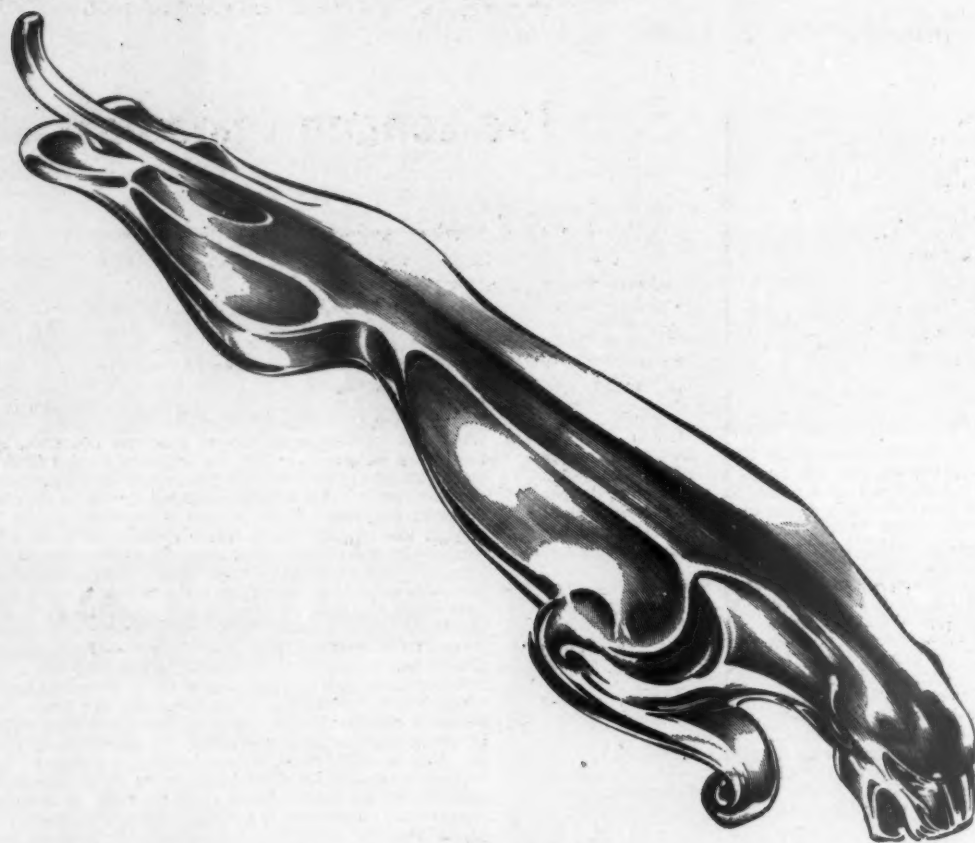
CAPITAL ISSUED AND FULLY PAID—

HK \$79,046,125

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STERLING £15,000,000

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PUNCH

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March 22 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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*For overseas rates see page 482.

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The London Charivari

OPPONENTS of corporal punishment will all, I trust, welcome Sir Thomas Moore's proposed new clause in the Criminal Justice Bill, which will offer juvenile offenders the choice between beating and detention. If all the delinquents choose detention, then corporal punishment is effectively abolished. On the other hand if they all opt for beating, this simply proves that corporal punishment is less of a deterrent than detention, and the case for its reintroduction is gone for good.

Phrase and Fable

AS a subject for a newspaper correspondence the current "Why is port passed to the left?" has everything. It lets in the happiest fantasies and shares with Niagara the Yorkshireman's accolade, "Can't see owt to stop



it." Nelson's involuntary left-handedness, sun-worship, avoidance of widder-shins and defence against treacherous stabbers, always disturbing at dinner—all these have got into the act somehow. It would obviously be gauche, if not sinister, to pass the stuff to starboard.

Aaah, Bicester!

LAST week a society photographer below him which had been allowing "obnoxious vapours and offensive

smells" to penetrate his studio. I'd have thought he had little to complain of. That's just what is needed to give sitters the disdainful tilt of the nose so sought after among society photographers.

Praise Indeed!

ONE report of the gratifying sales of the new Bible said that they had "left Lady Chatterley standing." This



is nothing to what the publishers hope for when they bring it out in a paperback.

Flash of Prejudice

IS there a more irritating way of saying "I'm right," than the phrase "It's as simple as that"?

Everybody's Angle

"EXPORT More!" cries an advertiser in good black type. His proposition is that you can do so by installing his paper towels, which will reduce the risks of infection, thus reducing absenteeism. It's a good patriotic angle; and if I were a manufacturer of (say) lightning nail varnish remover I think I should try it too. After all, my product enables your typist to take off the old varnish in a



"Where do they have winter sports in the summer?"

twinkling, which means she can put on a new coat more quickly, thus enabling her to take your dictation earlier, which frees you to go round knocking hell out of idlers, which in turn steps up output and sends the export graph soaring.

Plain Speaking

I WAS delighted and astonished to find an insurance company using the word "died" in one of its advertisements, instead of the usual mealy-mouthed periphrasis such as "should anything happen to you . . ." I hope nothing happens to the insurance company.

Message, Impact, Pull-power

TO hear them talk you would think there had never been any slick advertising copy written before these smart young executives got going. Let them glance at a little job done for Bryant and May, now celebrating their centenary, in 1867:

"The Archduchess Matilda has ceased from suffering. The intended Mother of the future Kings of Italy, a lady destined to wear a diadem which has not rested on a female brow for centuries . . . by all accounts endowed with rare gifts of person, mind and heart, died on Thursday last at 8 o'clock in the morning—of a LUCIFER MATCH. She inadvertently trod on one as she leant out of window; her summer dress was in a blaze before she

was aware of it . . . she sank to the ground in an agony of pain."

"The above accident could not possibly have occurred with Bryant and May's Patent Safety Matches which light only on the box in which they are contained."

Moreover they were "sold by almost all respectable Grocers, Chemists, Iron-mongers, etc."

A Blow for First Aid

I WAS alarmed to read an article in a daily paper last week telling how you can cure a man who has died of heart-failure by giving him a sharp punch at the point where the ribs and the stomach meet on the left side. "Tell me, Flanagan," I can hear the magistrates saying, as some thug appears before them on a grievous bodily harm charge, "what possessed you to assault the witness in this savage manner?" "Well, Your Worship, it looked to me as if the poor bloke was having a heart attack, dinnit." "You must control your surgical impulses. Pay five pounds or go to prison for fourteen days."

The Real Cool War

THE Voice of America, the Washington broadcasting service that frequently transmits jazz all over the world, is now listening for echoes. The US Information Service has announced that jazz musicians of all countries have been invited to send tape recordings of their work to VOA for judgment by an "International Jazz Clinic," which



"Okay, okay. You sign and we'll TRY and get you Monty's old caravan."

Next Wednesday's
PUNCH
is the Spring Number
(with 4 pages of colour)
including
"Great Franco-Britain"

☆

An eight-page feature showing what life would have been like if France had accepted the Churchill wartime offer of joint citizenship

will eventually award five scholarships for the Berklee School of Music in Boston, but it was not announced whether they would be awarded to musicians who needed them most or least. To help soloists whose resources may be limited, the VOA will transmit a special programme of background accompaniment music to-day and to-morrow and musicians will be able to join in even behind the Iron Curtain, one hopes—presuming, of course, that the authorities there do not misinterpret the term "jam session."

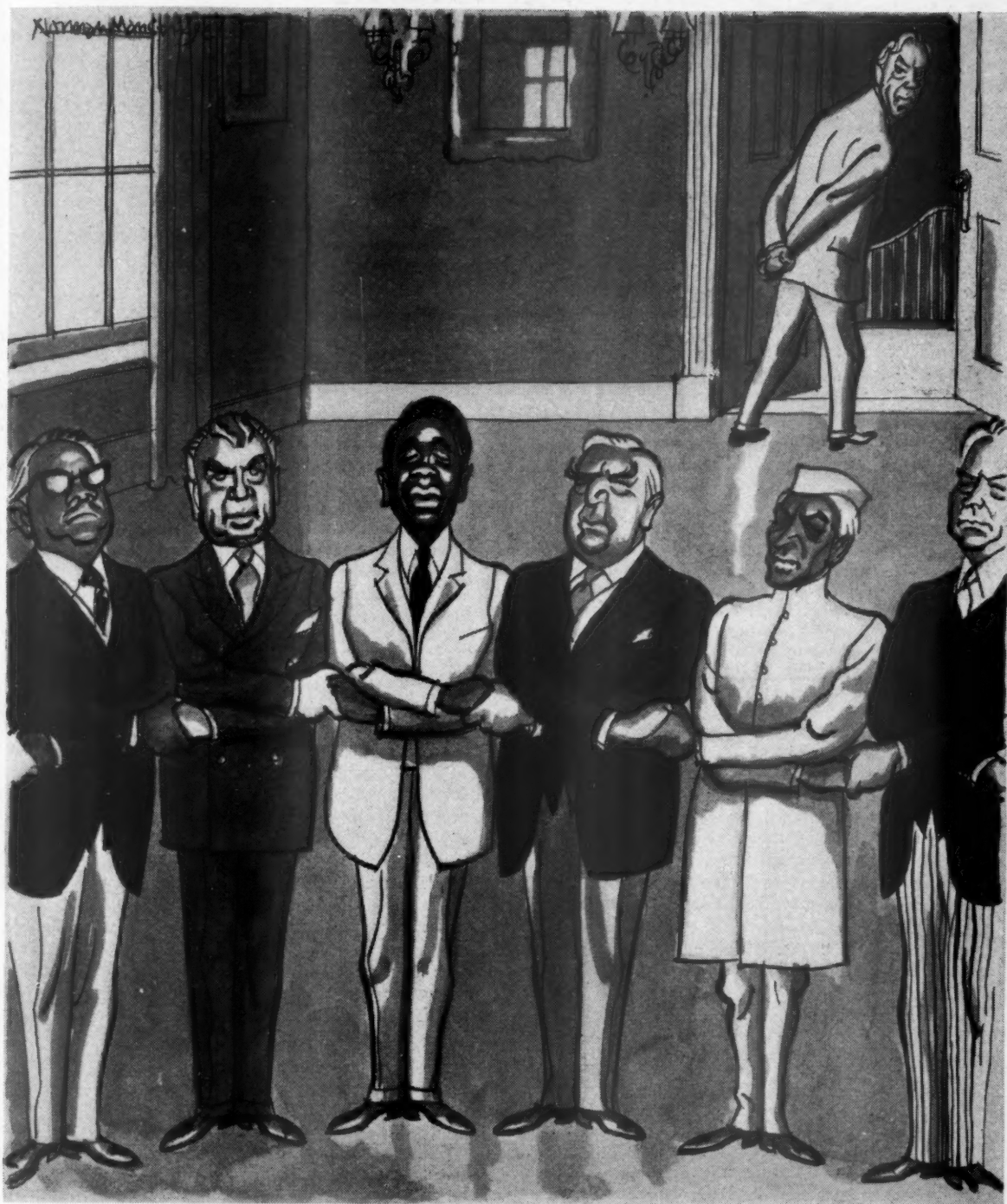
No Wooden Os

THE revived argument over whether theatres should be built in the round finds me firmly on the side of the reactionaries, the fuddy-duddies. When I am facing the performers I can reasonably hope to hear what they say and watch what they do; but when I am sitting sideways on, sooner or later I miss something, however often the harassed cast gyrate. Anyway, to me a room with three walls is a darn sight more real than one with none. The real reason behind this return to the inn-yard is probably that it gives producers more to do. Instead of just aiming their actors forwards they have to slew them round every few syllables. Before long this additional work will be the basis of a claim for higher pay for producers, and then, of course, managers will begin pricing every seat as a stall.

Unnatural Hazard

I SUPPOSE there's not much wrong with the proposal to provide soup kitchens for spectators at golf tournaments. Except, of course, that there are those super-sensitive players who won't even get into their stance unless there's absolute silence.

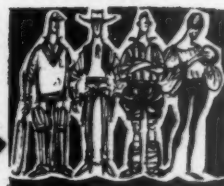
—MR. PUNCH



THE LINK AND THE CHAIN

Diminishing Returns

What is happening to the old staples of British entertainment? To the theatre, the cinema, soccer and cricket? Are they in fact declining? And if so, why?



THE THEATRE



By Richard Findlater

RICHARD FINDLATER is the author of four children, five books and one pamphlet. Writes about the theatre for "Time and Tide," sometimes talks about it for the BBC. Once literary editor and theatre critic of "Tribune" and (fleetingly) "Sunday Dispatch." First and last editor of "Books and Art."

MOST people need no proof that the British theatre as we know it, outside London, is in decline. They are so sure of it that they scarcely ever make the effort to visit a professional playhouse in the provinces, and every year such near-total abstainers find the temptation easier to resist as their local Palaces and Empires fall to the developers and their demolition gangs. Theatre-going loyalists form only a tiny minority of the population—about two per cent, I estimate, at most—and only a minority of those are patrons of the Drama, alive or dead. Diehard optimists among them who identify the health of the theatre with the growing longevity of West End runs should note the virtual disappearance of music-hall and the evaporation of provincial touring. Thirty years ago, at this season, nearly 180 companies were "on the road"; even ten years ago there were over 70, at the same time; but this year there are fewer than a dozen. To-day the 1931 volume of touring could, quite simply, not be housed. Although there are nominally about 160 professional stages outside London, many of these are closed to live entertainment for long periods and every year a few more "go dark" for ever. In the past half-century, I believe, about 500 stages have gone, and with them the theatre in all its kinds has lost the relatively big popular audience that it drew in its Edwardian heyday (a period which still dominates its social and architectural forms).

Buildings have not always been destroyed because the

audience has deserted them. Thriving playhouses have been pulled down because, no matter how financially successful or socially valuable they might be, they could never, never make as much guaranteed lolly for the right kind of people as the blocks of flats, shops and offices erected on their sites (far too good for mere theatres, in the real-estate free-for-all of our opportunity state). One reason why the theatre has declined is that its stages—unprotected by public safeguards or by a tradition of public ownership—have been treated as expendable counters in property deals, and it is now physically out of reach in many pockets of the country. Yet the fact that this steady, nation-wide liquidation of showplaces has aroused so little opposition or even notice among "the most dramatic people left on earth" (as J. B. Priestley once flatteringly called us) is itself a glaring symptom of decline.

What has gone wrong? People swapping premature post-mortems usually blame it all on films and television. Both, of course, generally supply a majority audience with greater variety of amusement, in greater comfort, at a higher level of efficiency, for a smaller expense of spirit, energy and cash than the surviving playhouses or music-halls in many English towns. From the theatre both have taken not only audiences but actors, authors and designers; and they have also taken kinds of entertainment once successfully exploited on the stage, when it suffered no competition from the camera. Spectacle is one trite example: the local rep cannot compete with *Spartacus*. No theatre can serve up violent action with the sadistic expertise of, say, a TV children's serial like *Fury*. Yet the stage in general not only excludes melodrama (bloodless whodunits apart) but the whole field of romance, in which its rivals' technological supremacy seems irrelevant. Heroic adventures, family sagas, and love stories—surely the staple commodities of a People's Theatre?—are now to be found only on fireside and cinema screens. There, too, you can often see some of the country's finest acting talent and—on television, at least—some of the world's best plays, ancient

and modern. Minority drama (by West End standards) reaches a majority public: it would take full houses at the Haymarket for forty-two years to hold the audience which watched Harold Pinter's *A Night Out* on TV. First at the cinema and then on television English provincials in search of an evening's entertainment have acquired greater expectations than the old-style theatre can satisfy. Why bother to watch third-rate players "in person" walking through a smudged carbon-copy reproduction of a once-successful West End show, especially when the theatre is as cold as the service? If Coketowners decide to see a live show (pantomimes apart), many prefer—increasingly—to see the originals in London, either on holiday or in a special trek by coach. That kind of centralized playgoing has helped to boost West End business to record levels in the last decade.

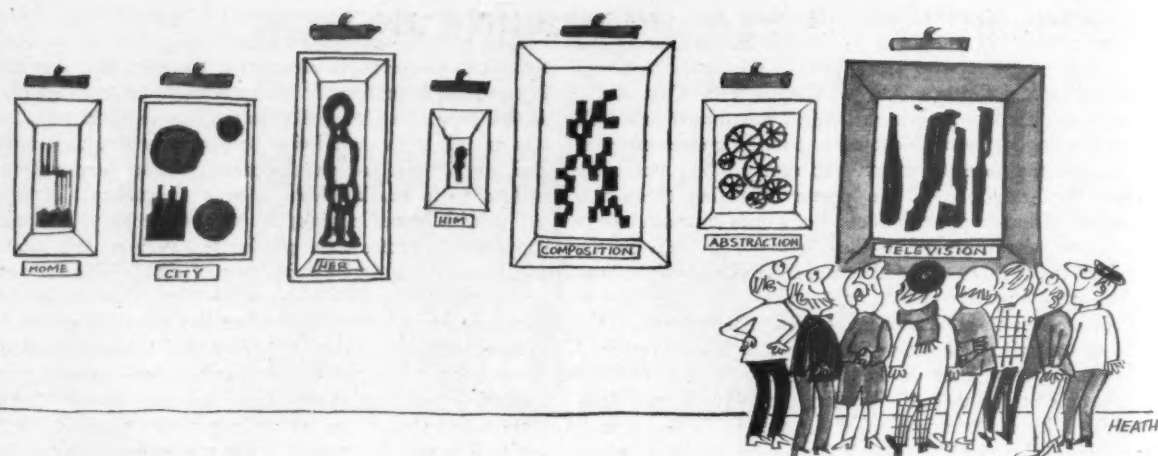
The provincial theatre's decline, however, is not fully explained by the competition of films and TV for a mass public in ways which flesh-and-blood show business cannot hope to match. Another factor may be the rise in the standard of living since the war, for consumers who have discovered new comforts at home are less willing to tolerate the draughty, peeling seediness of ageing playhouses or the bleak austerity of converted cinemas and chapels. There are so many other things to spend their money on, a choice illustrated by the current H.P. national debt of around £950 million. Again, the steady withering-away of the professional stage in the past forty years has been accompanied—until very recently—

by an equally steady expansion of the amateur stage. Around 750,000 people are now probably engaged in do-it-yourself theatricals as members of amateur societies, and they seem in the main to be happily insulated from the activities of the 18,000 people in Group 844, as the census-takers rank those who merely earn their living by professional entertainment. Doing it for love and glory apparently leaves them no time or inclination to watch others doing it for money. There are towns with scores of busy amateur societies which cannot support one professional playhouse. Perhaps this may be partly due to a national idolatry of amateurism in nearly every walk of life; yet in the past five years, since the spread of television, the amateur theatre has also begun to shrink.

Does all this mean that the professional theatre's continuing decay is inevitable; that it is an anachronism—as some people maintain—kept alive outside London largely by snobbery and state doles; that it can do nothing which films and/or TV can't do better? For myself, I don't believe that any of those propositions is true; yet in too many English towns they may well seem to be self-evident. Turn away for a moment from the *external* reasons why the theatre has declined and look at the *inner* causes. Look, for a start, at the buildings, with their side-door servants' entrances for Other Ranks buying cheaper seats; their understaffed, understocked bars; their frequently poor sight-lines, out-of-date equipment, fading gilt-and-plaster, and inhospitable upholstery; and their often grotesquely inadequate backstage facilities (in only 13



"Nepotism!"



out of 154 theatres, reports a recent Equity survey, do "conditions of work compare satisfactorily with those in the average factory.") Socially and theatrically the average English playhouse is an anachronism, though the theatre at large is not. Much of the entertainment it provides has been dominated—until recently, at least—by a pervasive gentility in writing and acting; and potential customers, especially among the young, have long been deterred by the building's apparent identification with the class apartheid of a bygone age. Generally speaking, the straight theatre has narrowed its focus instead of enlarging it, within the enormous field where—even at its second best—it can create the kind of shared intensity of enjoyment which is impossible in the local Odeon or at home in front of a television set.

Bad management, of course, has helped to sentence many showplaces to death: the kind of management in remote control which leaves its properties devoid of any sense of personal welcome or continuous policy, or the brand of local management which supported the temporary boom in nude revues (a form of demi-theatrical activity now largely centralized in London). Yet—good or bad—all theatres suffer from the steady rise in costs over the past twenty years, and the public's firm resistance to any proportionate increase in prices. To-day's theatre, indeed, is crippled by the heritage of its past in the overpricing and overbuilding of sixty years ago. Until the last few years the construction and management of playhouses has been left almost entirely to private enterprise, and there is a chronic lack of capital for repairing old buildings, let alone financing new ones. That is another reason for the decline and fall of the Empire and its ilk.

And yet, and yet . . . In spite of the lack of capital in cash, there is a treasury of talent at the theatre's command to-day. Britain can boast of a magnificent array of players, richer by far than the acting strength of thirty or forty years ago—though not all of them are fully employed on the stage (the theatre has become a part-time occupation). What's more, a cluster of brilliant young dramatists has appeared in the last five years, to reinforce a wealth of drama new and old. The state, industry, local authorities and TV magnates have

emerged as patrons of the theatre. Old playhouses—here and there—are being protected, and—what is more important—new ones are suddenly being planned and even built. A new pattern of touring, formed by the leading reps, is being developed. The universities are recognizing the reawakened interest in the theatre among the young. In short, I believe that the decline has now slowed down, and that a new theatre is gradually taking shape among the ruins of the old. Do I contradict myself? Very well, then—as Walt Whitman said—I contradict myself: but that's what the theatre does, all the time.

Next week: Cricket—By E. W. Swanton

People at Parties

THE other night I met a kind of Turki,
Bred in a cranny of the Hindu Kush—
Clear of complexion, but in some way murky;
Limpid, yet simultaneously *louche*.

At the same place I met a man from Mali
(The place that could not stick with Senegal);
He had a brilliant, flashing smile, like Dali,
But otherwise not much to say at all.

Still, there is something to be said for parties
Peopled by types from Kurdistan and Fars
Rather than groups of flagon-clutching hearties
Clustered in corners and discussing cars.

There's something in a little touch of colour;
Fereidoun, this is Frieda; Achmet, John.
The conversation could not be much duller,
But makes one's own much brighter later on.

— R. P. LISTER

Cage Me a Virago

By E. S. TURNER

WHAT happened to the British strain of *communis rixatrix*, otherwise the common scold?

In Pennsylvania, where it is not so late as you think, a charge of being a common scold has been brought against a fifty-seven-year-old spinster. Traditionally, the penalty for unquiet women is the ducking-stool or the scold's bridle, but the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania ruled that a fine or imprisonment would be a fairer punishment; a decision which will have been received with regret by all lovers of the picturesque, and not least by the photographic staff of *Life*.

At the time of writing, the newspapers have not reported the sort of things this lady is alleged to have said to, or about, her neighbours; but Sir William Russell, an authority on scolds, long ago laid down that "it is not necessary to give in evidence the particular expressions used; it is sufficient to prove generally that the defendant is always scolding." This saves witnesses the embarrassment of putting down the Bible and then saying: "She called me a ———, and said I ought to be ——— well ———." It also saves any tedious controversy over whether the alleged remarks were true and justified.

My dictionary describes a scold as "a person (esp. a woman) of ribald speech; later, a woman (rarely a man) addicted to abusive language." Note, first, the very creditable concern by the lexicographer to do justice to his own sex. Note, secondly, that this is a definition of a scold, not of a common scold. According to the same dictionary, a common scold is "a woman who disturbs the peace of the neighbourhood by her constant scolding." That is *communis rixatrix*. She is much scarcer than a scold, which is probably why she is called a common scold. In case anyone is becoming confused, let us put it this way: a wife may well be a scold, but a common scold will abuse not only her husband but everybody else in sight, including the meter-reader, the bookie's runner, Mr. Fyfe

Robertson and the girl who pushes the soap coupons through the letter-box. She must be, as Roget says, a virago, a termagant, a vixen, a dragon.

Sir William Blackstone in his *Commentaries* says that common scolds are common nuisances offending against "the public order and the oecumenical régime of the State," which shows that they are not to be taken lightly. Because they have declared war on the community at large they are "indictable only, and not actionable." It would be unreasonable, says Blackstone, "to multiply suits by giving every man a separate right of action for what damnifies him in common only with the rest of his fellow-subjects." Comparable public nuisances cited by Blackstone are eavesdroppers, keepers of bawdy-houses and people who toss fireworks about. Russell adds night-walkers (*communes noctivagi*).

The only common scold I can remember lived in the Gorbals. Like many worthier residents of that area she enjoyed "a good hingoat the windy," a splendid vantage-point for a common scold. Disappointingly, the police who arrested her from time to time merely

charged her with conduct likely to create a breach of the peace or with using obscene language. It never seems to have occurred to anyone that she was endangering the oecumenical régime of the State and would be the better for an immersion in the River Clyde, which flowed close by. Probably this was because it was realized that even the briefest immersion in the Clyde would be tantamount to a death sentence.

By all accounts, common scolds were once as common in Britain as cat-skinners and body-snatchers. The maintenance of ducking equipment (which had to be kept locked against practical jokers) was a charge on the rates, and ponds had to be kept dredged to ensure the complete immersion of offenders. Carrickfergus for some reason towed scolds round the bay behind a boat and Cornwall put them in cages. Glasgow and Edinburgh sometimes fastened clamps on their tongues.

No historian has explained to us what happened to common scolds over the last two hundred years or so. At some stage, and not before time, the female sex seems to have pulled itself together, conscious that its behaviour fell far



"It all started over a moot point."



"I think he's asking for political asylum."

short of the standard set by those sober breadwinners whom it so wantonly criticized. This was surely one of the great milestones in the upward march of humanity, comparable to the introduction of courtly love and the sanctioning of marriage to a deceased wife's sister, but no one has even taken the trouble to chart it. Other reasons for the disappearance of scolds probably include: easier divorce; the passing of the Married Woman's Property Act; improved methods of sedation; the rising cost of gin; the introduction of background music; television; aspirins; and the gratifying ease with which tiresome people may be put away behind walls.

No one must suppose that the threat of a ducking acted as a deterrent to common scolds. The poet who said: "No brawling wives, no furious wenches, no fire so hot but water quenches" was off the beam. In 1738 a lady

"notorious for her vociferation" was ducked in the Thames at Kingston; "and to prove the justice of the court's sentence upon her, on her return from the water side she fell upon one of her acquaintances without provocation, with tongue, tooth and nail, and would, had not the officers interposed, have deserved a second punishment even before she was dry from the first." She was but one of many who reacted in the same ungrateful manner.

Psychological literature tells us little, if anything, about scolds. The truth, I suspect, is that a scold makes too much noise on the couch and is for ever jumping up to whack her interlocutor over the head with the *Humm-Wadsworth Temperament Scale* or whatever the psychometrists use these days. For the same reason, a scold is probably a tough assignment for the hypnotherapist. Almost any psychiatrist who likes

a quiet life would prefer to investigate a straightforward case of mescaline intoxication or libido stasis or erotographomania.

A cold-eyed Wimpole Street man to whom I submitted the foregoing says I am in error in supposing that common scolds have vanished; they have merely found employment, he says, on the London buses. Frankly, this was not the sort of comment I expected; I leave my readers to judge whether his observation is justified.

☆

"It was the Grand Prix which an international panel of judges in Monaco last week awarded to the G.P.O. for the most beautiful stamp in the world issued since 1958.

The award was for the £1 stamp showing the Queen on the one side and Windsor Castle on the other."—*Daily Telegraph*
You mean you just lick the edges?

Siege of Montagu Square

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

To: Night News Editor

From: W. K. Batteridge

Subject: Lord Mancroft Interview

AS I was up all night on this assignment and my exes may get queried you may like a note of trouble gone to, how time spent, etc. As you know, was instructed discover if Lord M. had any private or personal grievance against press which might motivate his activities over Right of Privacy Bill: was suggested had been photographed with tart on knee sometime, or half under top table at City dinner, though nothing in our photo library.

Called accordingly 48 Montagu Square around 5.30, and when door opened I was deferential, showed NUJ card and said quote Excuse me, but have you ever been victimized by Fleet Street. He said quote You must be thinking of another butler altogether and slammed door, adding through letter-box that his lordship had left for Spain after lunch and would be away two years, which I took with pinch salt, well knowing from reliable-looking loafer (5s. paid, receipt attached) that M. had come home teatime and was still inside, failing some secret passage of which no note in our files.

While formulating next step, had quick whip round local shops, boozers, etc., gaining information to effect Lord M. very fond sweet biscuits, unsalted butter, classical LPs, bottled stout and mesh underwear (evidence slight on last as only one set bought locally and chances are shops Fortnums, Harrods, etc.). Does not own bicycle. No knowledge locally of murky past or clashes with reporters *re* same. Has several hats, likes nothing on hair after cutting. Local dentist no knowledge, as attended M. one emergency only, small gumboil October 1957. Bill paid on first demand. Only useful lead from Mr. A. Murdley, three streets off, cobbler. Disclosed M. soaks feet in mild boracic solution before evening repast, say 6.30-6.45, repairing to bathroom for same.

Returned Montagu Sq. and surprised

find two of our gossip men disguised gas board employees up lamp-post outside house with camera and pair night-glasses, and wish to lodge protest herewith, as this not first time my operations hampered own people, and one reporter stands chance if discreet but six at small house cause comment and instil reticence in interview subject. Said nothing, however, as bathroom round back, and gossip men wasting time up lamp-post in front.

Proceeded rear of building via adjoining street, scaled wall with difficulty owing broken glass, barbed wire (see attached indent new Report-o-Mac raincoat £6 15s.), into garden, up drain-pipe to good view bedroom, dressing

room, bathroom and usu. offices, all well furnished but no persons visible. Therefore retraced steps. As dark by now, and dazzled by light from windows, stepped up to knee in cold frame. Right trouser torn but wounds slight. Proceeded next-door house and ingratiated self with a Mrs. Hookit, housekeeper there and fund of info. (12s. 6d.), recommending me visit Carlton and Pratt's Clubs, where M. a member.

As reached Carlton C., found our junior reporter, Len Pigworth, being thrown down steps by club servant having successfully queered pitch, see remarks above *re* overstaffed assignments. On pretext being an overseas member called Smith I was able study



"We may be equal in the eyes of the Lord, but in my eyes you are certainly not equal to me."



letter-board while porter consulted records. Abstracted letter from unsealed envelope addressed M. Proved to be bill for trunk call 7s. Distant subscriber not given, so dead end. On porter returning with message no overseas Smith which seemed unlikely but still I said quote On second thoughts it is Pratt's will you kindly direct me, and left, thus disengaging without damage prestige our paper.

At Pratt's was in time to see three more our men leaving at the run, Gobdale, Parkler and Rimson, the latter in chef's apron as had mingled with kitchen staff and got nothing but unverified report that M. allergic minestrone and subscribes average sum staff Christmas fund. Nothing known Fleet Street antipathies *re* photos of tarts on knee, or other private grief, but Rimson no doubt submitting own copy for what worth. Sat hall Pratt's Club hour and half hoping strike up acquaintance with members passing to and fro washroom but no luck. Then hall porter challenged me, said waiting for my friend M. He said quote he has not been in to-day can I give him message but I thought no point and returned Montagu Sq., now near midnight and house in darkness. Crowd round it, all our men, now eight in all as Ruddock and Tarmole sent by sports editor in case M. ever involved dirty play at school or university. Tarmole abusive, said quote Here is Batteridge come to put his big foot in. Rumoured M. in bed asleep, but no certain knowledge as all had gone to supper in a body earlier, lest unfair individual advantage, leaving house unwatched.

I said quote, Well, might as well pack it in goodnight boys and slipped round rear and over wall as before and up drainpipe. Rooms empty and dark. Got leg over windowsill of bedroom when light came on and M. in pyjamas. Made quick mental notes candy-stripe design, top button coat missing, apparently own teeth, rather large big toes, book on bed-table the ABC Murders

A. Christie, also cough-mixture and spoon, soiled hard collar on floor, tie still in it. He said quote, Who devil you? First thought might pretend reporter from *Tailor and Cutter* and ask see wardrobe contents feature article on the well-dressed peer, but thought bad ethics and told truth. Asked if personal grievance against press. He replied quote, No comment. Drain-pipe then gave way, fall broken by thick hydrangea and water-butt beneath but hat lost. Hearing crash, rest of our corps withdrew, and if they put stories in they are pure invention, the lot, as I am only one to secure interview and the story is seven men wasted if you ask me.

Shall not be in to-morrow as digging up dirt on Russian jockeys, and if anyone else put on that assignment, then I'm starting a beef about press persecution and intrusion into privacy. Note of exes attached.

☆

"... Have great advantage over ordinary knives which sink if dropped overboard; these slowly float away."

From a Government Surplus catalogue
Ideal for nearby craft.

An Urban Artemis

The RSPCA is to hold an extraordinary general meeting to discuss a motion condemning fox-hunting

I LOVED a huntress once—an exquisite
Small-handed, high-cheeked girl with raven locks.
The streets we strolled had never seen a fox,
Or if they had no one had hunted it.

She owned one record and it haunts me still,
The Noises of the Hunt—all yelping hounds,
Half-human shouts, horns blowing raspberry sounds;
The whole thing culminating in "The Kill."

She played it every evening. I would wait
And watch, while that cruel music clashed and jarred,
The muscles of her face grow round and hard,
The nostrils of the nose I loved dilate

Smelling imagined blood. I did not mind;
Without this odd arrangement to set free
The black, ancestral longings in her, she
Might, when it came to me, have been less kind.

MORAL

Though you suppress the Whaddon and the Vine
You will not change this immemorial, crude
Desire to hunt some beast and smell its blood—
Only the blood may then be yours or mine.

— PETER DICKINSON

Our Man in America

Fearless P. G. WODEHOUSE tells all

ONE of the great traditions in America has always been the adding of pencilled moustaches to the faces on posters in the subway, and some superb work has been done over the years in that line. They soak you \$250 if they catch you doing it, but to the artist soul the satisfaction of attaching a walrus moustache to the upper lip of—say—Miss Marilyn Monroe is worth the risk. (Moustache-drawers are a proud guild and look down on the fellows who simply write "George Loves Mabel" or "Castro ought to have his head examined." Hack work, they consider it.)

In an effort to keep their advertisements undecorated, the Transit Authority are now supplying at many of their stations posters measuring 30 by 40 inches carrying twelve faces, together with this message to their patrons:

"Please! If you must draw moustaches, draw them on these."

It is doubtful if the idea will catch on. A few small boys took advantage of the invitation, but the true moustache-drawers shook their heads. Too much like shooting the sitting bird, they felt.

"One misses—how shall I put it?—one misses the *tang*," said one of them when interviewed. "It's clever, but is it Art?" said another, and after having a malted milk apiece at the refreshment counter they went off to see what could be done with the latest poster of Elizabeth Seal in *Irma La Douce*.

Let us turn for a moment to the subject of cows. You know what happens to cows in winter, they have to stick in a barn all the time with little or no cultural stimulus except what they can get from exchanging ideas with other cows, and it is very rare to find a cow with an idea to exchange. This state of things touched the tender heart of an extension service dairyman on the staff of the University of Maine, and it struck him that it would ease the strain a good deal if movies were provided during the winter months. A group of farmers in North Gray, Maine, wired a

barn for sound and set up a screen and the cows loved it. They mooed at the sight of fields and mooed even louder when bulls appeared on the film. Some of the *avant-garde* pictures fell a little flat, but Westerns went big. The favourite star appears to be Gary Cooper, and the only regret these North Gray cows have is they can't send him fan letters. Winter now passes like a flash.

It was a cow, by the way, which recently caused Elmer J. Bunting of Spartanburg, North Carolina, to receive a sharp sentence for drunken driving. He struck this cow with his car and very properly stopped to make inquiries. Policemen present noticed that his walk, as he approached the scene of the accident, was far from steady, but what really aroused their suspicions and led them to whisk him off to the local

hoosegow was his observation when he started to inspect the cow.

"This man seems pretty badly hurt," he said. "We'd better get him off to hospital."

The one thing up with which Joseph Bugalski of Chicago was determined not to put was burglars. He feared and disliked them, and after turning over in his mind ways and means of baffling them he finally got an inspiration which made him feel that he had solved the problem. He bought a shotgun, mounted it on a stand, fixed a string to the trigger and tied the string across the back door, so that anyone sneaking in through it would have the illusion that he had strayed into one of the rougher types of television drama.

Obviously what was bound to happen was that he would absentmindedly



"Well, he isn't likely to acquire a mother complex."

THEN AS NOW

We are doubly sorry to see Bradshaw disappear, having quarried into its inexhaustible seams of humour for more than a century.



Leonora. Oh, don't talk of Bradshaw!
Bradshaw has nearly maddened me.

Orlando. And me.
He talks of trains arriving that ne'er start;
Of trains that seem to start, and ne'er arrive;
Of junctions where no union is effected;
Of coaches meeting trains that never come;
Of trains to catch a coach that never goes;
Of trains that start after they have arrived;
Of trains arriving long before they leave;
He bids us "see" some page that can't be found;

Or if 'tis found, it speaks of spots remote
From those we seek to reach! *By Bradshaw's aid*

You've tried to get to London—I attempted
To get to Liverpool—and here we are,
At Chester—'Tis a junction—I'm content
Our union—at this junction—to cement.
And let us hope, nor you nor I again
May be attacked with *Bradshaw* on the Brain.



Leonora. I'm happy now! My Husband!
Orlando. Ah! My Bride!
Henceforth take me—not *Bradshaw*—for your guide.
(The curtain falls.)

May 24 1856

walk in through the back door himself, and this he did, and at the hospital they are still picking shot out of him. The episode, which has caused much talk in Chicago, reminds one of the case of the man who, acquiring a full set of false teeth, made the originals into a mouse-trap and accidentally stumbled into it in the dark, thereby stepping into the very limited class of those who can say that they have bitten their own big toe off. Mr. Bugalski, who still dislikes burglars, plans to buy a dog. Not that dogs can be relied on. At a prison out west a fourteen-month-old Alsatian has just been cashiered from the Canine Training Corps because he made friends with the prisoners and bit three of the warders.

"Can you tell me," writes an anxious mother to Dr. Joseph Molner, the expert on the care of the young in the Long Island paper to which I subscribe,

"what causes a girl of five to snore, snort and whistle in her sleep? She actually sounds like a whistling tea kettle."

I don't know what Dr. Molner's reply was, but I should imagine that the child was simply rehearsing. That sort of thing brings in good money in these rock-'n'-roll days.

Nothing much more of interest this week, except perhaps the story of the two Madison Avenue advertising men.

"Did you hear about Joe Smith?" said one, alluding to an advertising man of their acquaintance. "He died last night."

"Good Lord," said the other. "What did he have?"

"Very little," said the first advertising man. "Just a small toothpaste account and a beer client. Nothing worth going after."

A Plague o' Both Your Houses

By J. E. HINDER

THE news that a young lady employed by the Shell Chemical Company has been told that she should not marry an employee of ICI has already inspired yet another play with a built-in Romeo 'n' Juliet theme. Rumour has it that it may even develop into a musical.

"*Germicide Story*" deals with the star-crossed love-affair of Ronald, a Junior Executive (Admin.) employed by Universal Amalgamated Sedatives (GB) Ltd., and Julie, a Secretary (Grade II) at the Manchester HQ of their deadly rivals, Great Associated Panaceas. As even conversation between members of the rival concerns has long been proscribed, love and marriage is obviously out of the question. But through Ronald's veins runs the hot blood of a typical ex-student of the London School of Economics.

It is after he has gate-crashed Great Associated Panaceas' Annual Ball at the Manchester Free Trade Hall that he first catches a glimpse of Julie. Thereafter the lovers meet daily for coffee in the GUP (Establishment) Canteen, where Ronald comes at 11 a.m., by

stealth, disguised as a Supervisory Representative (Retail) for the North-West. He is unmasked during an altercation with one of the Senior Chemists (Oxygenation and Sterilics) over the ownership of a cheese sandwich. This results not only in the dismissal of Julie but in his own banishment to Universal Amalgamated's Experimental Oil-Cake station in the wilds of Northumberland.

Julie hears of this when she is sadly working out her week's notice. She is heartbroken and in her misery visits kindly old Mr. Balsam (Sprays and Pesticides Drying Room). Presenting a forged Requisition Note she obtains a bottle of Ratmort 16, a deadly poison the effectiveness of which she knows by reason of the 7.6 per cent increase in sales during the half-year which ended in July. She proceeds to the rest-room, where to the horror of helpful, faintly Rabelaisian Sister O'Reilly, the Welfare Officer, she falls to the floor in what appears to be a sleep of death.

At this point Ronald, who has come hotfoot from Northumberland, rushes in followed by kindly old Mr. Balsam, who

is followed in his turn by Messrs. Clore and Cotton. It transpires that the last-mentioned gentlemen, having had nothing particular to do during the lunch-hour, have taken over both Universal Amalgamated and Great Associated. So the lovers would have been free to unite, after all, in a long embrace on the basis of a one-for-one transfer of shares. Here the piece will end if it is to be a straight play. If, however, it is going to be a musical—and the chances are that it will be—a very different ending is envisaged.

Mr. Balsam, a rather wearisome exponent of nineteenth-century Liberal Paternalism as a matter of fact, will be shown to have had suspicions about Julie's intentions. He will reveal that the tablets she has taken are merely Morphisleeps, another popular GUP line. Soon Julie will awake and the lovers, united at last, will break into a frenzied mock-Tudor number "I bid thee take me over," accompanied by the rest of the principals and a full chorus of debenture, preference and ordinary shareholders of the two firms.

Several prominent City men have already been approached about financing a production and have described themselves as "totally uninterested."



"I've an uneasy feeling I forgot to turn something off."

On The Notice Board . . .

. . . of Glasspowder and Tapworthy Motors Ltd.

JOB CARDS

WOEFUL inefficiency has been noted in the job-card completion at this Garage and the attention of all mechanics is drawn to the paramount importance of this phase of their duties.

Last Wednesday I watched the mechanic maintaining KKT 843 spill his tea over the nearside headlamp. He wiped the glass clean with a silk scarf which the customer had thoughtfully left in his car. On checking the job-card later in the Accounts Department, however, I could find no entry for the appropriate work as laid down in the Garage Proprietor's Vade Mecum, to wit:

To Dismantling and Examining Headlamps, Cleaning Glass,

Polishing Reflectors, Focusing, Adjusting, and Road Testing. £1 4 6

I saw the employee working on LRP 208 unlock the boot to replace the rugs on which he had been sleeping during the lunch-hour. And yet, difficult though it is to believe, I could trace no record of this work in the correct form below.

To Examining and Testing Hinges, Lock and Return Spring of Boot, Adjusting and Lubricating as necessary, and Road Testing. £- 18 9

In knocking out his pipe on VQJ 718 the panel-beater made a dent in the bonnet which he skilfully pressed out again with a jab of his right thumb. It was disappointing to find however that the relevant account did not bear the correct charge.

To Removing Bonnet, Beating out dent,

Preparing surface, Cellulosing locally in original colour, Polishing to match, and Road Testing. £2 7 6

All mechanics must remember that our first duty to our customers is to ensure that they are properly charged for all work done. ALWAYS ENTER THE JOB ON THE CARD BEFORE YOU START IT. That way, although you may possibly forget to do it, there is no danger of the correct charge being omitted.

I take this opportunity of reminding you all about the first of the new series of lectures designed to improve the efficiency of our service to our customers. It will be at 4.30 p.m. on Monday and the subject is "Care and Maintenance of Cash Registers."

AUSTIN J. GLASSPOWDER
General Manager



"It says here—'Please return to Peter Scott.'"



STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS

by Thelwell



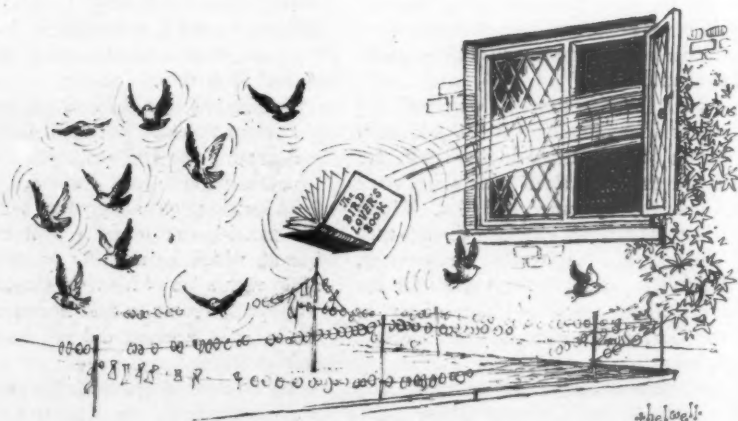
"What if she hasn't deserted her nest?"



"Well, it was a peewit's egg."



"I fed it and cared for it until its wing was better again—but when I came to release it . . ."





"Steady on, Charlie! It's on the protected list."



"You were right, Frank—a single blow from a mute swan's wing."



"Well! Do we try to eat our sandwiches—or don't we?"



Halcyon Is As Halcyon Does

by Claud Cockburn

*Were the "good old days" before
1914 as good as they were painted?*

3—Anarchism Round the Corner

WE are horribly worried and taut, but rather clear-headed. They—those pre-holocaust people of 1911 and environs—were comparatively jocund, carefree to the point of complacency, myopic, unaware of what was coming to them, and much inclined to overlook the fact that what they were dancing elegantly on the edge of was a volcano. It follows that we, though we may not look so glossy, are really rather better than they were. And anyway, what sort of problems did they have that measure up to the grisly magnitude of ours? Look at the Kremlin. Look, if you prefer, at the Pentagon. Look nearer home at the cost of living and What Ails the Trade Unions.

It makes a nice picture, stimulating and soothing at the same time, to hang on the wall in 1961. And there are even people once actually resident in the "halcyon days" who—as a result of whimsicality or amnesia—will affirm that the picture is an accurate representation of the facts; a photograph, rather than a bit of imaginative historical art-work. To accept that involves, of course, the implication that grandpapa was a damn fool and papa little better than a popinjay, but it makes us happy to think they were happy, and at the same time satisfactorily explains our twitchiness, and cross, haggard appearance.

However, a citizen of 1961 taking a spin on the time machine to bask in the mellow sunshine of those years is likely to find himself surrounded and shouted down by people who when not regarding This with dismay, or viewing That with undisguised alarm, are shuddering to contemplate the inevitable consequences of The Other. Wars and rumours of wars jostle in the news. Morality has gone to pot. As

for revolution and the violent subversion of the established order, that is not only inevitable but is widely held to have already started.

"All this time I was engaged in an attempt to locate the nerve-centre of this nefarious organization . . . The deeper I went into the matter the more evident it became to me that here was no ordinary gang of thieves or murderers but a widespread ramification drawing its inspiration and its life-blood from some hidden but powerful source. That this source was Nihilist, Anarchist or Bolshevik . . . I have never doubted . . . I will go further and say, that in my considered opinion, it was only the outbreak at Sidney Street which saved London from becoming the forcing-bed of Bolshevism."

These are the words, this the view, of Detective-Sergeant B. Leeson, gravely wounded by the associates of Peter the Painter in the Battle of Sidney Street on the second day of 1911. (In his subsequent memoirs Mr. Leeson refers to a letter written to him many long years after the Sidney Street battle by the brother of Peter the Painter, in which the brother declared in so many words that "the crime itself was organized by Stalin, now head of the Soviet Government.") Since to the British public of the day there was nothing strange, not to say preposterous, in the assumption that there was but little difference between Nihilists, Anarchists and Bolsheviks, the notion of a vast conspiracy operated by the united forces of all the subversive organizations anyone had ever heard of was acceptable and, of course, very alarming. And Detective-Sergeant Leeson's estimate of the underground peril was widely shared by his fellow-citizens.

This firm belief that things in general were cracking up, that a general social conflagration might start almost any time, anywhere, must be supposed to account for the astounding conduct—by police, Scots Guards, and Royal Horse Artillery—of the Sidney Street "siege" itself. The German newspapers were, naturally, cruelly derisive of British hysteria on that occasion. But it is certain that a large section of the British public imagined that the "battle" had been conducted not just against a tiny group of cornered gunmen, but against the vanguard of enormous destructive forces, vaguely envisaged but none the less menacing for that. The episode certainly high-lighted the contrast between the true mental condition of the period and the atmosphere of calm, confidence and security in which later myths have enveloped it.

In this sense the melodrama of Sidney Street is the clue to the thinking of a great part of the middle and upper classes of



"I thought it would save a letter!"



the day. Their favourite newspapers beat out a tom-tom rhythm which may be imagined as having been quite racking to the nerves. They thought nothing of suggesting twice a week or so that revolution and anarchy were what the country was going to run slap into round the next corner, or at best the corner after that. "The Empire is in danger, peace is threatened, vacillation and apathy invite disaster," was Robert Blatchford's New Year message to the British people, prominently displayed in the *Weekly Dispatch* of January 1, 1911. "We need, everyone needs," pleaded the *Daily Mail*, "what amounts to an assurance against rebellion." And a Member of the Stock Exchange grandly described the series of transport strikes in that year as "an organized revolutionary attack on fourteen hundred millions sterling worth of British property." If newspaper readers danced on the edge of a volcano it was not because no one told them the volcano was there, but rather because there seemed to be so many volcanoes bubbling away that there was really nowhere else left to dance. But secure was certainly not one of the things they can justly be accused of feeling. On the contrary, examined at close range, the most persistent emotions on the faces of the upper and middle classes seem to be uncertainty and fear.

Lest any onlooker from the 1960s incline to become supercilious or patronizing, it has to be admitted that they had plenty to confuse and frighten them. And if a lot of the phenomena that scared them look, to our hindsight, like bogymen, the fact remains that they appeared minatory enough at the time. By hindsight there seems nothing more natural and, indeed, desirable than the fact that membership of the Trades Unions rose from 2,500,000 in 1907 to 4,000,000 in 1913. Inevitably there were in those days diehards who thought that Trades Unions, as such, were wrong. But there were many, many more among the middle and upper classes who held that the Unions were really all right, as such.

What, however, seemed to be so wrong about British Trades Unions just then was that they were (a) being "infected by alien ideas from the continent" and (b) falling under the control of "agitators." And indeed it was true that syndicalist theory and practice were, almost all along the line, demolishing the old-fashioned structure and concepts of craft unionism. So that if you thought, or your newspaper and your monthly review—at that time as prominent in the living-room as to-day's telly—suggested to you that syndicalism was foreign and Reddish, and was in a general way connected with Nihilism and Anarchism, which in turn meant bombs, bloodbaths and the tumbrils, you surely did have good cause for alarm.

(*The Times*, incidentally, in an almost uncanny preview of nineteen-sixtyish comments on wild-cat strikes, said in 1911 that if the leaders could even control the Unions there would be something to be said for these organizations and their chiefs. But "nothing is more noticeable at the present day than the failure of Union Executives to command confidence or obedience by the mass of their members.")

Many students of affairs sombrely wondered whether it would be revolution or war that would be the first to break out. Others, looking along a vista equally short but still more dismal, concluded that both were likely to happen at about the same time—the revolution being the signal for the war. (As is generally known, the events actually came to pass in the reverse order.)

For though we may take modest pride in our own Cold War, confident that it can win a prize as *The World's Most Testing Experience*, the people of the Halcyon Days were living in the middle of another Cold War, and—despite libellous assertions to the effect that they thought there was hardly a cloud in the sky—they knew it.

Next week: Yellow Peril, Yellow Press

Public Schools' Day

The Rosslyn Park Sevens

By H. F. ELLIS

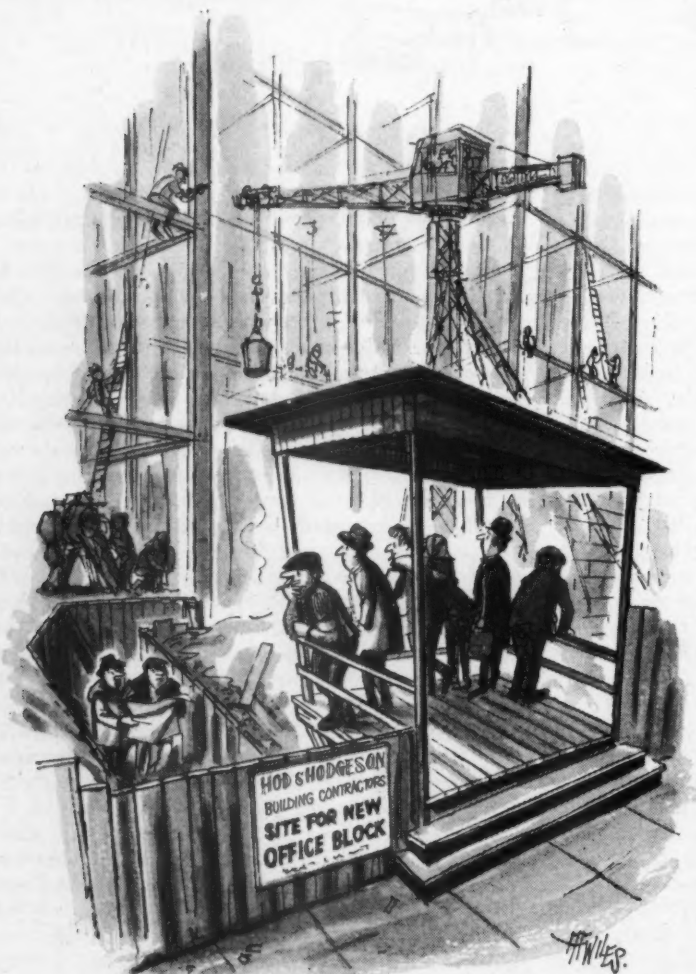
ANYONE reactionary enough to think that the day of the Public Schools is practically over had better go along to the Rosslyn Park Rugby football ground at Roehampton (easy reach Barnes Station—in itself of great historic interest, being only one up the line from Mortlake where Queen Victoria is said to have changed trains; buses 33 and 73 pass the ground) next Tuesday, March 28. Here, on the first day of the Schools Seven-a-sides, occurs what must be the most notable gathering

in the public school calendar. Of course, there are crowds of a sort at Windsor on the Fourth and people parade about in considerable numbers at the Eton and Harrow match; but these are parochial affairs—parochial and fashionable, a deadly combination for the disinterested observer. There is nothing parochial or fashionable about the Schools Sevens. Nearly a hundred schools are competing on the opening day, and the teams and their supporters bring together as fine a collection of

duffel coats and green Bavarian-type hats as the heart could wish to see. Assistant masters can be picked out by their unkempt waterproofs and traces of fraying at the backs of their trouser turn-ups.

There is a constant coming and going. Roehampton Club, from whom Rosslyn Park bought their 1st XV ground a few years ago, kindly sacrifice part of the golf course to allow three games to be played simultaneously in the early stages of this monster tournament, so that the short walk through the stables from the main ground to grounds 2 and 3 is a perpetual happy jostle of spectators and players hurrying from one to the other in order to see the best games, hurrying back again because the game they wanted to see was over before they got there, and sometimes pausing halfway in an agony of indecision brought on by roars of excitement from the ground they have just left. Station yourself at a convenient point on this ant-run, and your old heart will be gladdened by all the endearing clichés of public schooldom. There will be meetings and greetings and "Have you seen Christopher?" and "Michael was looking for you" and extraordinarily young Old Boys holding small round-bowled pipes an inch or two away from very pink faces, and a multiplicity of scarves and not a few sisters carefully rigged out to look as unattractive as possible. The players among the passing throng will be distinguished not only by their dress but by the intent look of those who are about to enjoy an interminable seven minutes each way in a field so empty of human bodies that a missed tackle cannot possibly escape notice. School chaplains and housemaster's wives abound.

Over this gay scene ring out the loudspeakers, informing, cajoling, exhorting the spectators for the tenth time to stand clear of the touchlines, asking the captain of Haileybury to report immediately to the caravan behind the pavilion, chasing some errant referee, and in general keeping



"Hey! You, Parker! Back on the job!"

up the reputation of the organizers for clockwork efficiency.

There is also the football. The shrewd tactical thinking of more senior Rugby, which leads gifted attacking players like Brace and Sharp to kick the ball repeatedly into touch or their opponents' hands (perhaps in order to deceive them into supposing they will do something different next time), is beyond the grasp of these schoolboys. In any case, one does not in seven-a-side football willingly surrender possession to the other side; it may mean chasing one of them fifty or sixty yards, which is a greater distance, by the sixth minute, than Pheidippides would ever have undertaken. This is a handling game. Boys set their teeth and roar down the wing, while the crowd sportingly draws back beyond the touchline to let them go by. A try every two minutes is not out of the way, though the tackling is mostly heroic. This Sherborne centre now—oh, is it Rydal at this end? And Llandovery at the other? I see. Thank you, sir. Then what has happened to Worksop who should be playing Blundell's, unless that is the game after next on ground No. 1? It doesn't matter. One's own lot were knocked out two hours ago. These huge chaps coming on the field now must be Oundle, who always seem to produce incipient Mogas and Soros—or Royal Belfast or Uppingham or possibly Rossall. Meanwhile the loud-speaker wants to know where King William's (I.O.M.) have got to. Doing that damned General Knowledge paper perhaps. Taunton and Radley, Epsom and Stowe, Rugby and Fettes, Ampleforth, Downside, Whitgift, King's Canterbury—will Clifton please report at once behind the pavilion—what a splendid middle-class beanfeast it all is! Bisley may be something like it, I suppose, when that Ashburton Shield thing is on; but shooting isn't quite the same, really, is it?

All this began in 1939, when twenty teams took the field and polished each other off, with the exception of St. George's, Harpenden, the ultimate winners, in a single afternoon. Now the entry is so large that names have to be drawn out of a hat in order to keep the contest down to three days, and the winners must avoid defeat in six or seven games, four of them on the final day. It is a tough assignment, and over



the twenty-two years of play Rugby School very properly emerge top with three wins. But they have never been runners-up, so that Bedford with two wins and two "seconds" might claim the decision on points. In fact the most formidable record of all is held by Royal Belfast who only entered the competition in 1955, were runners-up in 1958 and 1959, and beat Worksop in last year's final. This year they say that Sherborne and Rossall are good. But it doesn't signify. The only certain thing is that the play will not be dull and that no funeral obsequies, either for Rugby football or for the public schools, will be celebrated at Roehampton.

One tip for first-time visitors. A shooting-stick takes the weight off the feet, and one may as well be comfortable while trying to discover which school is

playing which. It is also useful for prodding the ground with in an old boyish sort of way, when wondering what on earth to say next to some tedious contemporary. One-a-side encounters can be even more exhausting than sevens.

BUDGET MEMOS—No. 8

Attention Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Trust you realize appointment Dr. Beeching as chairman BR Board sets precedent whereby many future heads nationalized industries will be scraping along on £6,535 12s. 6d. p.a., after tax deducted. Is this the rate for the job? How would you feel on this money? One more argument, I submit, against crippling taxation.

Ten Pounds a Week Loco-man,
Station Approach,
Crewe.

Erin Go Bragh!

By R. SQUIRE

Many foreign firms are starting factories in Southern Ireland, attracted by generous grants from the Government of the Republic. They include Japanese, German, Italian, French, Belgian, Israeli, Danish and Dutch companies.

To: The Managing Director
Mitsui-Matsuoko-Mitsubishi Co.
Tokyo.

From: General Manager, Irish Republic.

HONOURED Sir,
It is just one year since I came from Osaka to establish the Company's Irish factory and I now have the honour to present my first annual report. Regrettably I must couple it with my resignation.

A year ago nobody was more proud than I. I remember my first day here. The local employment exchange had promised to send me labour to install machinery and get the factory working. So at five a.m. I was waiting by the time clock to greet the workers, as was my custom in Osaka. At six nobody had come, nor yet by seven. At eight I was still alone and at nine I was trying to phone the labour office.

Honoured sir, it was ten before we spoke and when I said they had forgotten to send men, the official was quite shocked.

"Indeed, we haven't, Mr. Bashuko," he said. "If you'll just be putting your head out of the window, you'll see them coming now, so you will."

And indeed some men were in sight and coming towards the factory. It has taken me the whole year to get the starting time back to nine o'clock, and if that does not seem so wonderful, honoured sir, you should see the French firm across the road, the *Société Anonyme des Chimies Metallurgiques et Industrielles*. They make paper clips. The Frenchman in charge is lucky if he gets his machines running before tea break.

The German whose factory backs on to ours, Herr Krautzer, used to stand

outside each morning from eight o'clock onwards, swearing and shouting. He still cannot get started before nine-thirty.

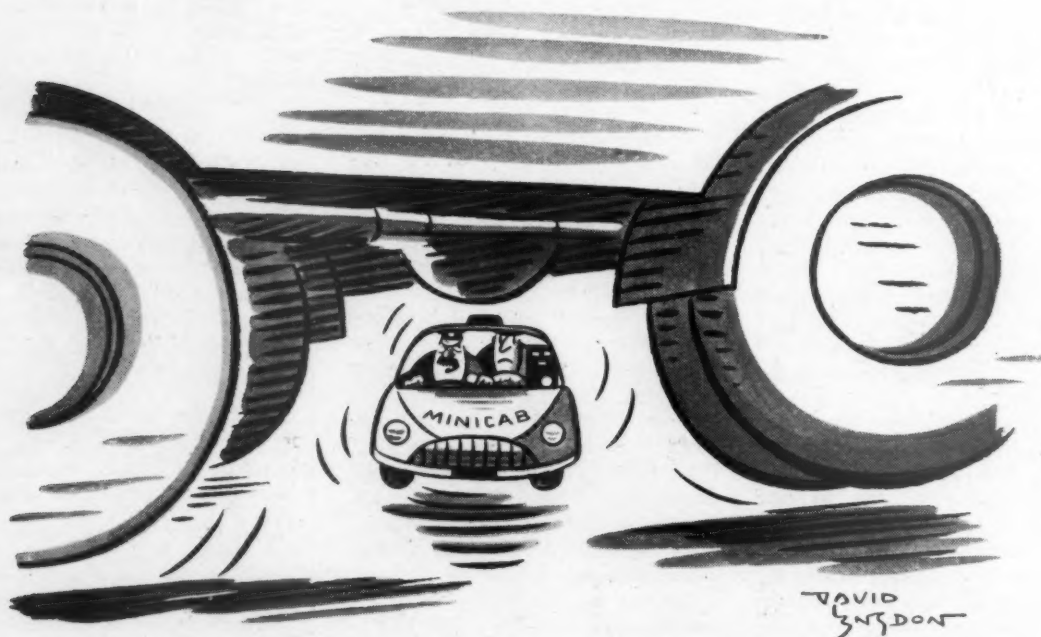
As my foreman, Mr. O'Casey, always says "Not to worry, Mr. Bashuko san, hon't'ble work gettee done allee same."

"Quite so, Mr. O'Casey," I used to tell him, "but the fairies will not do it for us."

"Ach, and you're taking the Michael out of me, Mr. Bashuko san, so you are."

Then he would explain, in the pidgin English that he thinks makes me feel at home, why production had been unsatisfactory just lately. It might be the races, or the salmon rising, or the pheasants asking to be taken, or perhaps a feud distracting the men's minds; there was always a reason.

O'Casey was himself at the centre of



"It's all a question of a cool 'ead and knowin' where you're goin'."

a feud that involved the whole staff, for everyone takes sides here. It seems that O'Casey, though quite properly anti-British, served in what for a long time I thought must be the name of a public house, the Bucks and Berks. It is in fact a British regiment he joined during the war.

Now the foreman at Herr Krautzer's, a Mr. Lanahan, is also anti-British, but he belonged to another British regiment, one that is always referred to by my foreman as the Flaming (I have modified his actual wording slightly) Wilts. They were sworn enemies of O'Casey's regiment, yet when the British economized they were merged with it.

This inflamed Mr. Lanahan. He and O'Casey came to blows and our two factories took sides in sympathy, until only Herr Krautzer and I were on speaking terms. The trouble flared up again when the German firm (they make marshmallows) accidentally allowed some effluent to seep into our yard. Herr Krautzer phoned to apologize and I assured him it was of no importance. Nor was it, except that O'Casey called it a typical Flaming Wilts trick and in the ensuing brawl some good men on both sides were put on the sick list. Krautzer and I were expected to join the battle. My people wanted me to challenge him to a contest of judo, at which they assume I am proficient, and then murder the spalpeen; while he was urged to goad me into a duel with sabres. We got out of it with difficulty and you can imagine what happened to our production.

As you read this report, honoured sir, you will be thinking, "This Bashuko explains many things, but, specifically, what has he done?" And I must answer, practically nothing. In fact, knowing the report I have to make, my Irish staff came to dissuade me from hara-kiri, which they tell me is obligatory on Japanese who fail to reach their quota. They were pleased when I agreed to stay alive, although I sensed that O'Casey felt a certain regret. He could not help thinking that, if I had made such a noble end as that, it would be a moral point for the Bucks and Berks.

However, as second best, I ask you to let me resign. It has come to me during my year of failure that we of the industrial East live at too hectic a pace, victims of our own technology. We



"Oh, Mr. Hopgood, what's the trade-in allowance on a family-size hard-cover Authorized?"

worry too much. Here I have learned from this happy people the mysterious wisdom of the West, its inscrutable fatalism, its relaxed acceptance.

Honoured sir, I shall not come back to Japan. Instead, I will stay in my white cottage by Galway Bay and make a living, for I am no remittance man, with my boat and my few cows, and of course, the tourists. There will be the races, the salmon and the pheasants. This is the life, honoured sir, and I am by no means alone. The French gentleman who made, or to be exact did not make, paper clips, is doing the same, and so are the Israeli who came to build hotels and the Dane who was going to produce artificial flowers and the Italian from the camera company.

Even the Russian who started a branch of the Soviet State Caviar Consortium has thrown up his job and taken to the hills, where he bought an illicit still. The two squarely built gentlemen who came looking for him will never find him if they follow the directions given them by local people. Indeed, they will be lucky to emerge from the bog.

As for Herr Krautzer, his replacement has arrived and Krautzer is looking for a farm. I thought of asking him to be my partner but I fear he would start work at nine-thirty every morning, whereas I have learned to relax.

And besides, I cannot forgive him for being on the side of the Flaming Wilts.

Before a Holiday

THIS price-tagged city boy with the wax fingers,
Selling me summer-wear, himself would fly
Where the sea lies blue as a shirt in a shop window
And gulls are soft white collars in the sky.

— PAUL DEHN

I Was the Wrong Type

By KEN KELLY

MY visit was long overdue. There was really no excuse for putting it off any longer. Besides, Mrs. Wall and her family were expecting me. And being so close to me in Trinidad—they lived only two houses away—they had come to regard me as a member of the family.

As I hopped on a bus destined for Goodwood Place, I reviewed their names in my mind. There was, of course, Mrs. Wall.

"Call me Ursula!" she used to say at fifty years of age. "Far chummier than Mrs. Wall." She enunciated her married name with emphatic disdain. But then there was a reason. She was no longer interested in Mr. Wall. She had been to America, wore only saris, learnt only slang, ironically, and when her husband became perturbed about her protracted stay in the States, she hurried into a course in hairdressing. She claimed she had met several film-stars in New York who wanted to take her to Hollywood to make a film about India.

And I remembered Jacques, her son, who was the dashing centre-forward in the old College's football eleven. Being

something of a celebrity in his own way he usually attracted a fair following of precocious young girls from the neighbouring High School. There was his sister Margy and her husband Miguel. I was never sure of Miguel's racial origin. His features were Indian and his hair tended to be negroid, and I therefore assumed that he had a foot in both camps. Yet his parents were always represented to me as Indians.

Joel, Mrs. Wall's other son, was sent out to England some eleven years before the rest of the family as a scout: to report on social conditions. So impressed was he by the English that he wrote back to Trinidad painting a very nice picture of the country. The family followed a month later.

One more son was happily married to a Canadian girl and—as Mrs. Wall will have it—winning many scholarships at the Vancouver University.

About ten minutes after alighting from my bus I was in Goodwood Place and in a Greek colony. Looking for an Indian, one would naturally expect to find him in a little colony of Indians. But it was not so in this case. The neighbourhood was decidedly Greek.

I pulled out my notebook and carefully studied the Walls' address. I was reassured. "27 Goodwood Terrace, Goodwood Place," my notebook announced. I elbowed my way through a throng of Greeks on the pavement, crossed the road, and read "27." That would be the Walls' residence, I thought. It was tightly fitted, as it were, between two pleasant-looking shops.

I faltered a little, then pressed the

door-bell. This was a House of Students. I was a mere Immigrant. The door-bell rang and I waited five minutes. There was no movement towards the door. I tried the knocker—a huge piece of iron attached to the door which actually shook the house when I operated it—and almost instantly the door swung open to reveal a half-naked boy of about three years of age. I did not think he was a student. "Who are you, sonny?" I asked.

"My name is Sidney."

I passed along a dark, narrow corridor, ducked twice to avoid making contact with a line of washing, and looked about for a familiar face.

"Hello, how are you?" A voice came at me from the back of the house. It was Margy's. She looked short, plump and matronly. She wore an apron, a feeding bottle in her hand. I felt glad to be among students. "We thought you weren't going to come and see us," she said.

I paused and tried to get a good English accent to match hers. "Well, I'm here anyway," I replied, with an unfortunate Trinidadian lilt in my voice.

"Mommy's in there," Margy informed me, pushing a door on my right and guiding me in. I couldn't help taking a backward glance at the wallpaper. Ageing, torn, it was stuck back in places with sticky tape.

A woman sat directly in front of a twenty-one inch television set looking gloomily into the screen. She turned her head away from the screen as though longing for some genuine interruption. Mrs. Wall had grown much older since



MARGREAVES



"Think of a card,"

I last saw her three years ago. Crows-feet beneath her eyes had established a definite footing. Normally a tall woman, she seemed stooped in her armchair. But she flashed her familiar gold teeth.

"Hi!" she called lustily. Her accent was American. "How are you? Do sit down." All this in one breath.

I did not say anything. I simply tried to make myself feel at home. My eyes wandered about the room. It was choked with a radiogram, a sewing machine, television of course, a baby's rattle, the *Radio Times*, and several old pieces of furniture. The immediate difficulty was to find a seat which in no way threatened my comfort. The only three chairs were wobbly on their legs. On the seats of two of them a child had wiped his fingers. I glanced at the telly. It was bringing an American programme to viewers.

"Sit down," Mrs. Wall prompted me, "and tell me all about the old man." The old man, I thought. Poor old man. Mr. Wall was just not sophisticated enough. He hadn't been to New York. "I sat on a wobbly chair. It held. I

told her all I knew about the old man—well, he was no older than Mrs. Wall—how he was still a dedicated elder in the church when I left two years ago, working energetically as an insurance clerk, and, I added, thinking of her and the children. She, Mrs. Wall, seemed thoughtful.

I spotted a copy of *The Times*. Mrs. Wall saw me looking at it and her gold teeth flashed again. "We're all Conservatives, you know. I suppose all middle-class people are. In any case, the Labour papers are far too Liberal."

This family certainly won my admiration. They all had a spirit of perseverance which is difficult to detect in other people. It was a sort of family motto: "Success only comes by hard work." This has been evidenced time and time again by the fact that they have each tried the same examination more than half a dozen times.

Mrs. Wall was saying: "The kids have been quite busy with their studies. Margy has been at London University for the past three years—since we've been here actually. Considering she's

got a family of her own I don't think she's done too badly for herself really. As a matter of fact, we only got news yesterday that she got through her degree in Sociology. She plans to go on studying for a Master's. She really deserves this success, poor kid." She wandered off her subject. "I really thought that I was going to make England my home. The children, like myself, were really quite keen on the idea at first."

"And now?" I asked.

"Well, naturally we're thinking of going back to Trinidad. There is far too much prejudice in this country. Do you know, the English regard us Indians as coloureds. In America, without being boastful, I was treated almost as a white woman. Not quite, of course. But almost as a white woman. Once the traffic was actually stopped for me to walk across the street. Of course, I wore my saris at all times."

"It might be an idea," I suggested, "to wear saris in England—at all times."

Those gold teeth flashed. Mrs. Wall was smiling. "I don't want to take that

risk as yet. It might be embarrassing. You see there are too many real Indians. And if one of them were to approach me . . . well, I wouldn't know what to say if I'm addressed in Hindi. I just don't speak the language. Jacques does, a little . . . so he wears a turban when it's not too hot.

"Jacques is also studying." She reverted to the academic theme. I fidgeted. "Jacques is also studying," she repeated. "Aren't you, Jacques?"

I hadn't noticed the footballer in the corner. He was sitting very sedately looking at the television out of the corner of his eyes. He forced a gentle smile. No doubt he had shrugged off his athletic past, presumably to conform to the gentility of British standards.

"Yes, I am studying," he blushed. Mrs. Wall was reassured. "I am doing mathematics at one of the Polytechnics," he said with consistent extravagance.

The more I looked at him the more he intrigued me. So different, I thought, from the dashing centre-forward in the football eleven. Refinement and dignity contributed to his ultimate aim in life: to be a gentleman. He was short, and tended to be just a little too muscular for his height. He wore his hair after the Elvis-not-square-beatnik-clan.

Jacques was, no doubt, a rock-and-rolling gentleman.

He crossed the legs of his cheap tight trousers and refused my cigarette. "I don't smoke," he said in a voice too high to be masculine. The voice hadn't changed.

"Are you studying?" he asked at last. This was the moment I dreaded. Need I tell the world that I was merely an immigrant, only in the Mother Country to earn my living; that I was from humble background and modest means; that my father was merely a teacher and had missed every opportunity for promotion, thus making it difficult for me to be accepted on student-status? I need not say, but replied: "I am in a job." Crisp, I thought, and to the point.

"But surely, you do some studies?" Jacques came back at me. He was definitely concerned.

"No," I said bravely, "I've long renounced that aspiration."

Even Miguel, who had just entered the room, seemed none too happy about my purported lack of interest in studies. He was no doubt summoned. I suspected that these people had committed a bloomer in inviting the wrong type to their house.

"I appeared in Blackpool last week," Miguel said voluntarily. "You have to

be a member of the repertory company to do acting." He also informed me that he was learning the techniques of broadcasting, voice culture and so on, with a view to going back to Trinidad and teaching, because, as he said, it was something new.

Mrs. Wall was not venturing any more conversation. She seemed sour. I was not a student. Jacques still looked appalled at my last statement. Miguel spoke because he wanted to tell me how well he was doing. "I'd be graduating from College in a few weeks."

Considering he had no secondary education, I thought his successes were really astounding, to say the least.

"You know," Miguel said, "when one is an immigrant in this country one isn't regarded with any respect. That's why it is better to be a student."

"If you can afford it," I put in.

"That is true. But what sort of work do you do if you aren't studying?"

"I am a journalist."

Suddenly, things seemed different. Mrs. Wall was no longer sour; Jacques was no longer appalled; Miguel was no longer unhappy. They had all brightened. Margy even left the kitchen to take a good look at me and listen to what I had to say. They were enthralled at the word journalist.

"Really!" they chorused.

"Yes, really," I said, showing no enthusiasm. "I work on a periodical."

After much conversation on the subject of my job, I rose to leave. I resisted a meal of rice and curry and approached the street door to the sound of many invitations to come again ringing in my ear. Margy laughed: "Don't write about us, you know."

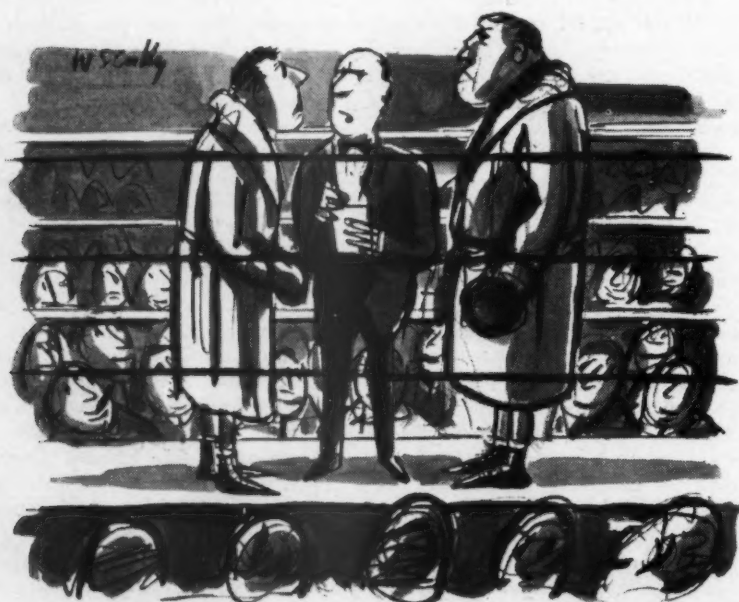
It was nine o'clock in the evening. Joel Wall was now coming in, wearing working clothes. After greeting him and exchanging pleasantries I asked: "So you're the only one who actually works?"

He was genuinely surprised. "Not at all. We all do during the day. As a matter of fact, we have all been working for the past three years. At nights, however, we attend the local Poly."

I smiled broadly. "I see."

☆

"Lady requires wrapping in brass-founder's warehouse . . ."—*Birmingham Mail*
Smile when you say that.



"And by the way, what's your blood-group?"

Essence of Parliament



WHAT the British public likes is to have a good deal of mud in its newspapers and every once in a while to quiet its conscience by getting a jury to give swingeing damages against a mud-purveyor. The people whose private affairs are revealed in the gossip columns are, it thinks, usually people who asked for publicity, and if every now and again someone who genuinely wants a private life finds himself boosted into unwelcome fame the mathematical odds against being such a person are enormous. The public likes its public figures to be performing animals, and its main anxiety about legislation to restrain their performances is that it should be ineffective. That is not very edifying but it is the truth. So in spite of Lord Goddard's support it is difficult to think that Lord Mancroft's bill for the respect of privacy would work. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Arran, who prophesied a lawyer's holiday, seemed to have the better of the argument, even though the voting went the other way. There is plenty of bad taste in our newspapers. But you can't make bad taste good by Act of Parliament.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the Lords gave themselves to Defence. There were a number of quite good speeches covering all the familiar points, but I do not know that anything very original was said, unless we can call original Lord Lucan's protest against the inclusion of strip cartoons in a White Paper. Lord Alexander of Hillsborough, defying what other Members of his party might say, demanded that we should keep nuclear weapons so long as the Russians had them. (Whether by "we" he meant the British alone or the Western alliance was not quite clear.) Lord Rea for the Liberals argued that the White Paper's assertion that "narrow nationalist policy for the choice and production of arms makes no sense" meant logically that an independent nuclear deterrent made no sense. Lord Carrington, as First Lord of the Admiralty, seemed to think that all that the Government was doing was all right but he couldn't quite remember what it was. Mr. Wayland Young, appearing under the unfamiliar disguise of Lord Kennet, thought that the chances for disarmament were quite good.

Chances for Disarmament

On Wednesday the most important of the debate's earlier speeches was that from Lord Harding, who joined in the familiar demand for increased conventional forces but maintained that it was not impossible to use tactical nuclear weapons in a limited war without tactical weapons giving place to strategical and the limited war becoming a general war. Lord Hailsham greeted this speech as an important vindication of the Government's policy, though, as Lord Harding seemed to say exactly the opposite of what Lord Home had said a few weeks before, it was not easy to see why. The debate after passing through two hours of doldrums ended with a vigorous set-to between Lord

Longford and Lord Hailsham from the front benches of their respective parties. Lord Longford did not think with Lord Salisbury that the Government was "too clever by half." He thought that it was not nearly clever enough. As a Christian he would find himself, he told the House, faced with an agonizing dilemma if ever he was faced with the decision whether or not to push the button for nuclear war. This no one doubted, but the profane public was more interested to know whether he would push it or not, and on that he did not enlighten it. Lord Hailsham argued that our object was not to win but to prevent a war—which no one doubts—and that the balance of force required to prevent a war was not necessarily the same as the balance required to win a war. What that meant no one was quite sure.

The Commons also sat.

On Monday Mr. Emrys Hughes made a rather laboured joke about the 342 elephants and 500 men who were required to protect Lord Home against the menace of a tiger. On Tuesday

Chances for The Tiger

Mr. Thorpe complained of the drip on the nose of the younger Pitt. On Wednesday Mr. Ellis Smith thought a sergeant-major's moustache "out-of-date" and Mr. Profumo thought Mr. Ellis Smith "lousy." The House sat all night in order that Mr. Malcolm Macmillan might beat Mr. Harold Lever's record for the longest speech. Mr. Fell on Tuesday complained that there was not nearly enough noise in Great Yarmouth and on Wednesday that there was much too much at the United Nations. On Thursday he tried to adjourn the House on South Africa. Other Members contented themselves with whistling at the size of Dr. Beeching's salary. Some thousands of millions of public money was voted. Nothing in particular happened. The most interesting interlude was Mr. Mellish's ten-minute rule bill to compel



LORD MANCROFT

political parties to publish their accounts. This is an old song that has been sung a number of times ever since Hilaire Belloc started it when he was quarrelling with the party system in the Parliament of 1906, but it was not the worse for that, and Mr. Mellish sang it very well indeed. He had considerably the better of the debate, though the worse of the division figures. It was odd tactics of the Conservatives to put up Sir Toby Low from their Central Office to oppose Mr. Mellish. A more wholly private member would surely have been more appropriate, nor was Sir Toby's argument that no law could ever compel a political party to publish its full accounts in a "meaningful"

fashion very convincing. One would have had more confidence if he had said that the Conservatives were anxious to let people into the secrets of their finances, whether the law compelled them or not, and his plea that such a law would be to the disadvantage of small parties and unorganized groups, coming from the Conservative Central Office, had a richly comic effect.

The House was crowded on Thursday to hear the Prime Minister's statement on South Africa and was prepared for rows. But the Prime Minister was not able to say anything the Members did not know already and the only effective steam that was let off was that from the hot-water pipes, which took the occasion to belch their liquid protest over the in-offensive form of Mr. Chetwynd. He, with other Members, found discretion the wetter part of valour and retired upstairs to the task, which must now be growing familiar, of expelling Mr. Silverman and Mr. Michael Foot from the Parliamentary Labour Party.

— PERCY SOMERSET

In the City



Help For and From Latin America

SOUTH America does not glow with shining virtue in the annals of Britain's overseas investments. The history of its republics has been cluttered with defaults and with a long sequence of funding schemes. Time and again failure to meet the bills has been veiled and wrapped up in arrangements under which capital due for repayment together with accrued but unpaid interest have been lumped together and funded into new obligations.

But even at the risk of being naïve and over-optimistic, we would suggest that the underlying conditions are now improving. History does not for ever repeat itself. The time will surely come when the Latin American republics will forsake the paths of currency inflation and revolutionary adventure and get down to the solid task of awakening the vast potential wealth that still lies dormant in that sparsely inhabited continent.

The turning of the corner may well prove to have been President Kennedy's ten-year and ten-point plan for Latin America. The present President of the United States has avoided the proliferation of one of his predecessor's "fourteen points" and also M. Clemenceau's comments on them "*Le Bon Dieu n'en avait que dix.*" Ten is a good number for which to plump.

Apart from this President Kennedy's is a very good plan based on the concept that worked so well with the Marshall plan in Europe, namely, that Uncle Sam helps him who helps himself. The offer of almost limitless help is there provided the Latin American republics are able to show that they deserve the assistance and will put it to good use.

There is some political overtone to the plan in a restatement of the pledge by the United States to come to the assistance of any American nation whose independence is endangered. For the rest it is a straightforward offer of economic assistance to help Latin

American countries in their industrial and agricultural development, and also to co-operate with them in a case-by-case examination of commodity schemes. The last-named is all important given the fact that much of the sluggishness of Latin American economic development in the recent past has been due to a worsening in the terms of trade between primary commodities they produce and the manufactured goods they need.

Assuming that this generous and imaginative offer is accepted, and that the Latin American republics begin their economic take-off, considerable benefit should accrue to a number of British enterprises. Among them is the Bank of London and South America, whose report and statement of accounts has recently been published.

The chairman, Sir George Bolton, is not unnaturally a strong advocate of more help for Latin America and he has in the past expressed some impatience at the high and almost

exclusive priorities given to Asia and Africa. He is also impatient of the reluctance of Europe to use its full collective strength in South America.

Sir George Bolton's bank has constantly been playing its part to mobilize this collective strength and to bring it to bear in financing trade and other development in those territories in which it is particularly interested. Its Head Office in London has for some time past operated a European department which has now been reorganized into an International department. It has taken the initiative in developing an active market for currency deposits in London and, despite a good deal of competition in this profitable business, it retains its lead. If economic conditions in Latin America improve, BOLSA will be one of the main beneficiaries. For this reason and given its vigorous and imaginative leadership, its shares, on which a 4 per cent yield can be secured, appear to be an attractive investment.

— LOMBARD LANE



In the Country

Stocking a Lake

IT seems odd that it's rather more difficult to get trout into a loch than to take them out. Two seasons ago a kind of chronic flatulence had distended the fry in our local lochan to ambiguous proportions; and their puzzled parents fled, terrified by their nightmarish progeny, to other haunts.

We decided, then, to re-stock—once the disease had died; and found that renewing the strain was not the casual affair of shooting a lot of young fish from healthier water into a new habitat. Necessity No. 1—The water must, so to speak, lie fallow, or be allowed to clear itself, for a year. That meant constructing tiny-meshed wire grilles across the sluggish mouths of conduit burns—playing safe so that should the disease be latent high among the crags, carriers could not bring it down. Water (we were told free of charge by a professional fishy slum clearance expert) would not itself be infected.

Necessity No. 2—We had to clear

the loch of cannibals, eels in shallows, pike meditating darkly in reeds, etc, so that our new families would survive in profitable quantities. Two boats and a weighted net illumined by the ghastly glare of electric lanterns made astonishing hauls for several nights.

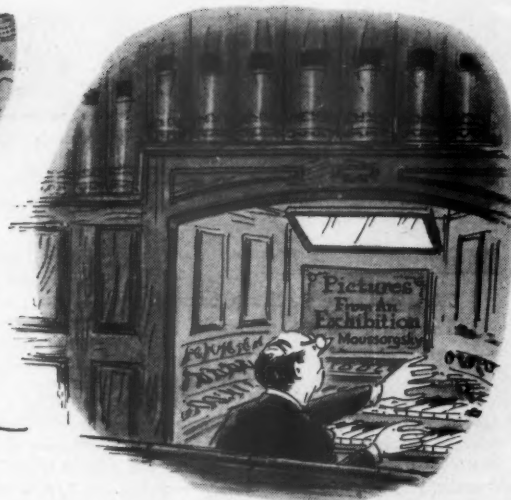
Lastly, the introduction of new tenants into their new (and we hoped) happy hunting grounds. Straight away, grandiose ideas of filling our plebeian water with scions of the aristocrats of Loch Leven were discarded. A bland supplier quoted us three guineas a gallon, Grade Four, packed (how else?) in containers according to illustration rather like old-fashioned milk churns. You paid, surprisingly, for the water in which your youngsters were packed, rather than for the youngsters themselves; and C.O.D. There were, a fascinating brochure said, about 500 to the gallon. A good consumption for a car, we agreed, but as we should require a lot more than a gallon we turned down the offer.

We borrowed books on how to bring up successfully a fishy family; we harried the streams for miles by barefooted driving of flustered minnows into ingenious booms of shrimp nets; we recruited the children on half-holidays to hunt for us; we nursed our catches in a gravelled tank filled with water from our loch. Whether our new stock would be Grade One or Unclassifiable we did not mind; but this season we've found that fish take a long time to grow.

—FERGUSON MACLAY

ARTIST'S WEDDING

by Alan





AT THE PLAY

The Lady from the Sea (QUEEN'S)
The Music Man (ADELPHI)

THE *Lady from the Sea* has had only two major revivals in London since its original production, against *Ghosts'* score of thirteen, and one sees why. To make a slight—and for that matter, improbable—point about the freeing from neurosis of a silly woman who could more quickly have been smacked out of it, Ibsen loads the play with heavy symbolism that often pushes its domestic story to the very edge of the ridiculous. The end, when Ellida sees things clearly for the first time after her husband has offered her complete freedom, and she sends her mysterious lover packing, is so inconclusive that one goes away feeling that poor Dr. Wangel's troubles are only beginning. The hallucinations of a woman haunted by the call of the open sea to the exclusion of all common sense are surely not so easily banished (if Ellida had gone off with her

sailor lover she would probably have been seasick for the rest of her life).

But, as in all Ibsen's plays, the mechanics of this are admirable; all the pieces fit beautifully together and the sub-plot of Ellida's unhappy step-daughter being wooed by her old tutor gives us a much better understanding of how remote and boring life can be in a forgotten corner of a fiord.

Glen Byam Shaw's production does everything possible for the play. For me it cannot, even with Margaret Leighton in the part, make Ellida anything but a very tiresome woman, but it does give reality to the Wangels' home and brings the young people to life. I defy any actress to explain Ellida's odd marine compulsion; Miss Leighton, pale and stirring, conveys the depth of her mental sickness, and that is about all that can be done. When she makes her unexpected decision to remain she achieves a magnificent dramatic moment, holding a pause while the tension shoots up almost vertically.

Andrew Cruickshank is good as the

patient, unselfish Dr. Wangel, and as the younger couple Vanessa Redgrave and Michael Gwynn are a great help to the play, Miss Redgrave handling her courtship by the shy tutor with delicious artlessness. John Neville is very male and seamanly in his incursions from the deep, and the minor parts of the younger daughter, the local bore and the absurd sculptor are filled in neatly by Joanna Dunham, Esmond Knight and Richard Pasco, the latter with an amusing satiric portrait. Motley has arranged a fitting background of Norwegian gloom with tempting glimpses of the ocean beyond.

The Music Man opens with a chorus of travelling salesmen, singing to the rhythm of a fast-moving train, very well staged, that suggests excitingly that we are in for something out of the ordinary. Alas, we are not. *The Music Man* is a further chapter in the American glorification of the hick, a very old-fashioned affair gluey with romance and boasting a real horse and a real wagon. Lock, stock and barrel it is by Meredith Willson.

The hero, if you can call him that, is a travelling charlatan without a note of music who persuades small country towns to buy instruments and uniforms so that their young can form a band, which he promises to teach by a new quick method, and then disappears with the cash. On the occasion in question—Iowa, 1912—love for a pure woman throws a spanner into this plan, as readers of the Sunday papers will have noticed it often does. He is nearly lynched, and is only saved by an improbable near-miracle; but in the meantime his personality has galvanized the town into all sorts of activities, and led its young people away from crime. In fact it is the usual ham story.

By far the best thing in the evening is the dancing of the town boys and their girls; old stuff, but done with enormous dash and vigour and with wonderful accuracy. James Barron is responsible



Ellida—MARGARET LEIGHTON

Dr. Wangel—ANDREW CRUICKSHANK

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep, *She Stoops to Conquer*, until April 15.
 Playhouse, Sheffield, *Five Finger Exercise*, until April 1.
 Citizens', Glasgow, *Great Expectations*, until April 1.
 Perth Theatre, *Jane Eyre*, until March 25.

for the choreography, and I should say has saved the show. This chorus of hayseeds dances like beings possessed, and I found it very exhilarating.

Exhilarating is scarcely the word for the lyrics. There are several chorus songs that go well enough, but no word of wit was discernible anywhere and some of the heart-throb numbers are pure molasses-and-water. When the spotlight centred on Patricia Lambert on the back porch it came to be a signal to this critic to remove his mind as far as possible from the Adelphi Theatre. Most of the music is very noisy and brassy, though I thought I detected about four tunes which those of us who hum are likely to be humming.

A grave weakness in the casting is the absence of an out-and-out comedian. Miss Lambert has great charm and a fine singing voice, but very little comic edge, and Van Johnson, who plays the charlatan, is similarly handicapped. His voice is not large enough, even for the Adelphi. He seems to be a straight actor, and as such is quite a persuasive leader, but the evening is sadly deficient in laughter.

Howard Bay's sets and Raoul Pène du Bois's dresses are nice to look at, and Robert Merriman's production achieves the astonishing slickness of crowd movements that I am afraid we take for granted in an American musical of this kind. Even so, it is a dull and patchy entertainment which is only partially rescued by the extreme nimbleness of its sweating rustics.

Recommended

The Miracle Worker (Royalty—15/3/61), Anna Massey and Janina Faye wonderful in moving little play. *The Caretaker* (Duchess—11/5/60), brilliant *avant-garde*. *Oliver!* (New—6/7/60), bright musical from Oliver Twist.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Grass is Greener

The Hidden Fortress

THIS time the stagey artificiality is overpowering. At the beginning, particularly, they seem to be going to a good deal of trouble to make *The Grass is Greener* (Director: Stanley Donen) theatrical enough in style for us to feel we are watching a play in a theatre, and from the upper circle at that. There are these charming people, walking about in the distance and making gestures, and we hear their talk quite plainly, as in the theatre when it is skilfully "projected"—but even louder, because for these scenes (I would guess) it has been post-synchronized. All the dialogue is loud, good and loud: Aunt Edna won't have to bother anyone by asking what he said, she'll just bother everybody else by unnecessarily repeating it.



[The Grass is Greener]

The Earl of Rhyall—CARY GRANT

The Countess of Rhyall—DEBORAH KERR

Charles Delaero—ROBERT MITCHUM

Hatti—JEAN SIMMONS

But most of the action passes, of course, indoors, in a stately English home, among the personages—one can't call them characters—of that sort of nineteen-thirties play: the lord, his lady, the dizzy woman friend, the visiting American, and the butler. There is a bow to the post-war world, in the fact that the great house is kept up by the half-crowns of coach-loads of sightseers, and this is used to provide the excuse for the American (Robert Mitchum) to meet the lady (Deborah Kerr); but in all essentials this is the sort of *matinée-audience* play about Nice People that was going strong twenty-five or thirty years ago.

It is also another of the kind that Mr. Donen has made so peculiarly his own, or got bogged down in, like *Once More, With Feeling!* and *Indiscreet*: calculated Anglo-American glossies in which half the detail might have been supplied by the British Travel and Holidays Association. (Detail in the dialogue, too—as when a moment has to be contrived to explain that "two and six" is the same as "one half-crown.") Continuous fine weather, trowel-loads of Charm, recognition laughs for the English, quaintness laughs (those toy English trains! those smooth English butlers!) for the Americans, word laughs for both (the barrier-of-a-common-language crack turns up, without acknowledgment), husband-wife laughs, woman-talk laughs, beautiful clothes, upper-class behaviour and the trappings of wealth—these are the unfailing box-office decorations for a whimsy little story about a happy marriage threatened by a short, passionate

affair that comes to nothing because the husband (Cary Grant) is an understanding know-all. He works out a solution that leaves everyone happy and—since it involves unexpected behaviour by a butler (Moray Watson)—amuses the audience. Oh, yes, it's momentarily entertaining enough; why should we sigh for the days when Mr. Donen used to make real films?

Not for the first time, I thought while watching *The Hidden Fortress* (Director: Akira Kurosawa) that it must be really exhausting work to carry on a conversation in Japanese. In any Japanese film I find it a distraction, this habit common to nearly all the characters of pronouncing *everything*, from a threat of death to a remark about the weather, in phrases each of which is expectorated with enormous, breathy violence and emphasis at top speed, followed by a pause for attitude-striking.

Of course it's unfair to allow this to affect one's judgment; that manner of speech is a convention. But that, and various other conventions—such as the way aristocratic people in the story, unlike the lower orders, lose no opportunity to stand arrogantly, legs well astride, and glare—are, as I say, distracting. And to follow this complicated story of the middle ages about a fugitive princess and her loyal general and two simple soldiers and a treasure of gold bars hidden in pieces of firewood, one could wish for as little distraction as possible. I should certainly not have followed it myself without the help of the synopsis, which (I now find) explains

a number of points I didn't even notice. Strung on the main thread of the flight of the little party (from "the hidden fortress"—as far as I remember, that's the last we hear of it) across enemy-held country there are incidents involving fights, disguise, capture, suspense and every other ingredient of the picaresque action story, including the sort of last-minute rescue that now rouses laughter. It's interesting enough as an oddity, but I found it—mainly because of the unfamiliar convention—quite impossible to take seriously.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Hidden Fortress is at the Academy as the first of a series of "late night shows," at 11 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday; Bergman's *So Close to Life* (8/3/61) continues as the afternoon and evening show there. The new Cinerama offering *Search for Paradise* takes you to Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir and Nepal under the hearty auspices of Lowell Thomas. *Caged* or *Nella Città l'Inferno* is a sensational-sentimental piece set in an Italian women's prison: a field day for Anna Magnani and Giulietta Masina, but pretty crude stuff. *L'Avventura* (7/12/60) and *La Dolce Vita* (21/12/60)—catch that before it's dubbed—continue, and the gay well-written comedy *The Facts of Life* (8/3/61), and the more casual, obvious one *Never on Sunday* (30/11/60).

The only release I would mention is Disney's *Swiss Family Robinson* ("Survey," 4/1/61—126 mins.)—simple-hearted nonsense. —RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE GALLERY

Augustus John and Carel Weight

AUGUSTUS JOHN is an exponent of the great tradition of European draughtsmanship and his finest drawings are on a plane with those of Andrea del Sarto, Tiepolo or Keene in the past, or in our day Picasso or Segonzac. On the other hand, with a highly volatile temperament he has not

PUNCH EXHIBITION

"Punch in the Theatre." Maxwell Art Gallery, Peterborough, for one month, from March 23.

found it easy to sustain a mood, with the result that the splendid decorations which once he must have felt destined to do have seldom developed far: the Galway cartoon in the Tate is an example. In compensation for this he has at times produced some of the few modern portraits to contain human feeling and occasionally nobility. "Edwin John" and "Diana Mitford" in this exhibition are in the artist's very best vein and there are many delightful sketches in colour and a wide range of drawings.

Carel Weight shares with Augustus John an intense interest in life but from a different angle. He has always found inspiration at his own doorstep, and when he travels one feels that he carries the latter with him, so much does he invest all his subjects with his own atmosphere. The melancholy unsung corners of suburban houses and streets which have known better days, tin roofs and shanties, by-paths and tow-paths are all grist to his mill. Sometimes as he broods in these solitary places, which he portrays with such care and affection, his imagination conjures up strange goings on and the atmosphere becomes oppressive with the presence of the unearthly or the uncanny. His skill as a painter of reality only serves to enhance these effects.

Augustus John, Tooth's Gallery, Bruton St., W.1. Closes March 30.

Carel Weight, Zwemmer's Gallery, Litchfield St., W.C.2. Closes April 6.

—ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

Hockey, Anybody?

LIKE Vera Chapman of England I haven't missed a women's hockey international on TV since the series started in 1952. Every year about this time I get in there with some fifty

thousand screaming schoolgirls, Marjorie Pollard and Peter West, and enjoy every minute. Not that I know much about hockey: I get my kicks (oops! sorry!) not from the brilliance and niceties of the game but from the ancillaries of the Wembley occasion. For one thing I am reminded by this international that other famous sporting events are lining up for presentation in this arena, and that spring and cricket cannot be far away. Then again I am one of those strange males who find women unbelievably attractive in gym-frocks or sporty skirts and moving at top speed with a glint of goal in their hair. I like the candid camera shots of the spectators, howling, cheering, sighing, or pensively sucking their lollipops. And of course I adore the commentaries. When Thelma Hopkins streaked away to score for Ireland it was "Good for Thelma!" from Marjorie Pollard, spoken in a perfect tonal imitation of Arthur Marshall. When two Irish ladies were given offside they were "loitering there—loitering with intent, as we call it." And when England's left inner did something splendid there was Peter West to chip in with "She always plays with bags of pep and dash." Jolly hockey sticks. A glorious game, handsomely presented by the BBC with oodles of zip and zowie.

While I'm about it, let me hang a garland or two on the same channel for its winter handling of the Rugby League game—another sport about which I used to know very little. As an inveterate snapper-up of any sporting trifles set before me I have gradually, almost reluctantly, acquired a keen zest and a deep respect for the League game. My expert advisers tell me that Rugby Union is a better game to play, and I can well believe it: amateurs would certainly find this thirteen-a-side, no line-out stuff pretty hard on the lungs and stomach muscles. But after watching the South Africans at work on the RU during the past few months I am inclined to think that RL is on the whole a more exciting game for the spectator. Certainly it would be difficult to find more thrills to the minute than were served up in the recent RL Challenge Cup round between St. Helens and Swinton.

The regular commentator at these northern battles is Eddie Waring, an enthusiast whose rugged style and accent matches the game. For a long time I allowed his flat vowels and Pennine growl to distract me, but I am now completely *en rapport* with the RL lingo and converted irrevocably to Mr. Waring's method. He has an endearing line in humour and a rare talent for keeping his vocal rushes well up with the play.

As so often during the winter ITV's contribution to the Saturday sport made no kind of appeal to me. It was devoted to the abysmal decadence of professional wrestling, a sport that would be more at home in a Las Vegas cockpit than on British television.

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



BOOKING OFFICE

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE

By The Rev. HUGH DICKINSON

New Testament. Oxford University Press/
Cambridge University Press, Library
Edition 21/-; Popular Edition 8/6

TO those in the trade "new" is a word less suspect than "modern" and a little less open to derision after the passage of years (New College seems far less dated than Modernism and has had a longer run for its money). The translators of the New English Bible have rightly made no attempt to rehash the AV and any criticism along Why-have-they-changed-this-or-that? lines is entirely misplaced. This is an entirely fresh approach and those who regard Scripture as an abundant source of quotable quotes must stifle the sense of disappointment which may afflict them when they find that their favourite plums have been turned into less succulent gobbets.

It is impossible not to compare. King James's English has simply by its antiquity acquired a hierarchical quality which no current idiom can emulate, but to the man in the pulpit, at any rate, the change is no bad thing, for we are increasingly aware that familiarity and love for the AV has bred in the man in the pew a reverential insensibility to its meaning; when, that is, its meaning can be discerned at all. The man in the pew loves "religious" language; the man in the pulpit increasingly distrusts it. That fairly widespread sub-species the literary man in the pew will doubtless be asking himself dispassionately "Now, is this good literature?" but that is a question which the ordinary man in the pew will regard as secondary to "Is it easily understood?" and the man in the pulpit as secondary to "Is it powerful?"

There can be no doubt about its intelligibility. The Epistles in particular stand out with a clarity and directness which prove that it is not necessary to make chatty paraphrases to render them digestible. The opening chapter of Ephesians has a pellucid quality in this translation which should prevent

the opacities of any earlier version ever appearing in public again. The complexities of St. Paul's syntax and his involved digressions are teased out into elegant little sentences which tax neither the understanding nor the breath of the reader, and though the literary sub-species will regret "charity," this version of Corinthians goes a long way toward reinstating the debased coinage of "love" as well as exposing a number of nuances of the Greek which were formerly obscured.

The Gospels stand comparison less well. This is in part due to the simplicity of the Greek. King James's men have caught the feel of the original in their largely monosyllabic Anglo-Saxon, and though the New Bible corrects dozens of errors I occasionally detect something a little unnatural about its Gospels. At last we have the absurd "Sleep on now and take your rest; Arise let us be going," properly translated as, "Still sleeping? Still taking your ease? Up, let us go." But is the translators'

claim to use the idiom of the day well exemplified by saying that Peter's denial was "In face of them all"? What about "in front of"? Most people know what tares are; I wonder how many are familiar with darnel. "Weeds" would strike a responsive note in most English minds.

At its best the New Bible achieves in the Gospels a pungency and freshness which will delight the man in the pulpit and may startle the man in the pew. Matthew VI—a passage in which the AV is at its best—is full of felicities in this translation, and there is little to choose between them.

The Revelation, however, is the translator's nightmare. It is august, visionary stuff admirably suited to the language of the sixteenth century, which on the whole is a considerable improvement on the Greek. It needs something a little pompous or highflown—but in the twentieth century that would probably sound like Tolkien. Beside the AV this is very small beer and sadly flat with little poetry about it. Does the angel rebuking John's inclination to worship him have to say "No! Not that!" as if he had brought the wrong jam from the larder? Somehow I hear echoes of the BBC commentator in the pedestrian tones of these descriptions of eternity.

I shall put the New Bible on my lectern—except for one or two occasions. It is a great improvement on other "modern" versions, and will in time become an honoured member of the Establishment and will no doubt induce in its readers and hearers the customary reverential insensibility.

BEHIND THE SCENES



19—G. R. LEWIN

Head of the BBC's Home Service

NEW FICTION

The Middle Tree. Joan O'Donovan.

Gollancz, 15/-

The Tempter. Anthony Bloomfield.

The Hogarth Press, 16/-

Mezzotint. Compton Mackenzie.

Chatto and Windus, 15/-

The Lecture, and Other Stories.

Noel Blakiston. Chapman and Hall, 14/-

THERE are not so many novels that one takes seriously, and not so many more that one is invited to take seriously. Miss O'Donovan certainly invites it, and though I don't think *The Middle Tree* entirely successful, I found it at least interesting throughout. It is a novel about a young schoolteacher named Jenny Brown who is too kind to her charges, too careless of her virginity and too demanding of her mother. The name and occupation recalls Jenny Bunn, the heroine of Kingsley Amis's *Take a Girl Like You*; and the novel shares with Mr. Amis's book another quality—it has difficulty

in leading the reader's moral sympathy the way the author wants it to go.

When a novelist creates a stupid heroine, he makes life hard for himself. Henry James found this when, in *Washington Square*, he made it his task to make us feel what a silly fool Catherine Sloper was . . . and then showed that she was the victim of others. Now the difficulty with stupidity in heroines of novels is the difficulty of stupidity in women in life—one never knows whether to forgive it or not. We depend upon the novelist to tell us, and Miss O'Donovan, like Mr. Amis, lacks the critical distance from the character to oblige. Jenny does many silly things—she espouses a mass of slick, unassimilated liberal attitudes; she has an affair with a communist whose aim in seducing her is to win her for the party; she is over-kind to one of the children in her class and he consequently proves capable of attempted murder—but one suspects that all the time Miss O'Donovan is telling us that here is a girl who says yes to life. The issues are posed morally, yet with a lack of moral complexity; and they are not sufficiently profound to justify, or to explain the quality of, the hinted-at enlargement of character that comes to Jenny at the end.

The Tempter is also a serious and an intelligent book, about a mysterious owner of a bookshop who engages in producing pornographic pictures. Those who become involved in the trade find that, far from being corrupting, it is purging. Samson, the bookseller, is the Tempter; he is indeed Leverkühn's Tempter in Mann's *Dr. Faustus*. This strange piece of literary borrowing suggests that this is a stylised book, a book with something to say. And so it is. It enables Anthony Bloomfield to throw up the hypocrisy of society by showing an antithetical code. Yet like Conrad's *The Secret Agent*, which it resembles in atmosphere, it falls short of satisfying us because it is so much atmosphere. But Mr. Bloomfield should be watched.

We have been watching Compton Mackenzie for a long time now. *Mezzo-*

tint, his latest, deals with the colour problem in the Crown Colony of Assumption which is stirred up when a Labour Government appoints a liberal-minded Governor who doesn't choose to leave well alone. Mr. Mackenzie succeeds in making us feel sympathy with all sides of the case—no mean feat in itself—and when the comedy of social conflict is over, and everyone reverts more or less to the *status quo*, one is content. Indeed one would be sorry if there weren't islands like this to escape to when we have wreaked our social change on the rest of the world.

The good, old-fashioned civilized writer is somewhat out of style now. Yet with his urbane and decent values, his professional skill and his sweet reasonableness, he rarely failed to please. Compton Mackenzie is a distinguished specimen of the breed; so is Noel Blakiston. His newest volume of short stories, stories that deftly illustrate the contrast of the fires of youth and the anguishes of age, pleases so much because they take for granted that the civilized intercourse of decent middle-class people will last for all time. The world is simpler than we know it to be; but the values which inform it take on a freshness in being, nowadays, so assailable.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

YES, BUT . . .

The Long Revolution. Raymond Williams. Chatto and Windus, 30/-

Like some russet-coated Aldous Huxley, Mr. Williams combines versatility, intelligence and moral passion and, again like Mr. Huxley, when you want to say "Yes, but —" to some generalization about art or society or semantics or to some prophesy of woe, he has already darted on. This successor to *Culture and Society* is crammed with ideas about almost everything except physical science. Part I investigates the nature of creativity and the relation between culture and the image of society: Part II illustrates the theme from the history of education, the press, the drama, etc.; and in Part III Mr. Williams turns his conclusions against Britain in the 1960s in general and the Labour Party's acceptance of their opponents' *Weltanschauung* in particular.

Some of Mr. Williams's positive suggestions for reform are as vague and amateurish as Orwell's in *The Lion and the Unicorn*. Sometimes his facts are wrong: the working class do not all live virtuously up north, being distinguishable by the short "a." But on the whole his generalizations, for example about the relation of communication and art, and his examination of particular points, like his statistical disproof of the legend that the rise of the popular press was the product of the 1870 Education Act, are intensely interesting. So short a note cannot give any idea of the richness and subtlety of his argument, which is less incoherent than compression may have made it sound.

—R. G. G. PRICE

MIDDLE-EASTERN MONARCHS

Mission To My Country. His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi Shahanshah of Iran. Hutchinson, 30/-

In this book, which is both the Shah's autobiography and an explanation of his political position, there is an acknowledgment of the assistance given by an American professor. It is therefore painful rather than surprising to find that the Shah refers to himself as the first monarch of Persia "to have authored an autobiography that could be called at all systematic." Throughout the book there is a barely concealed struggle between the Shah's own desire to describe his attempts to build a progressive and independent state, and what is presumably his "ghost's" wish that every aspect of Persian life should be presented in terms acceptable to the simplest American mind. Consequently the style ranges from that of the propaganda handout to that of the least happy literary efforts of the Duke of Windsor, with whom however the Shah, as shown in a chapter called "The Eternal Question of Women," has otherwise little in common. The picture that finally emerges is of a brave man who has survived many dangers, both from the machinations of Mossadegh and the bullets of would-be assassins, while continuing to lead that terrible king's life of early-to-bed, very-early-to-rise and an occasional wild dissipation in the shape of a home-shown film.

—VIOLET POWELL

Three Kings in Baghdad. Gerald de Gaury. Hutchinson, 25/-

The history of Iraq from 1921 onward passes by ways of shameless treachery and multitudinous political assassination to the peculiarly atrocious revolution of 1958. Throughout this period three kings, Faisal and Ghazi and again Faisal and with them a Regent, the loyal pillar of a long minority, were struggling valiantly, often with some success, to steer towards a stable modern civilization, but the incompatible elements of race and religion, nationalism and foreign subversion proved in the end too much for them and all came down in bloody ruin.

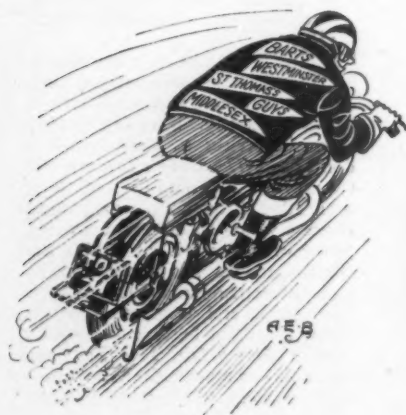
Mr. de Gaury, who himself played no small part, is here concerned less with actual history than with the personalities of the principal actors and some background sketches of the naturally fertile wealthy country, the scene of the drama. One cannot fail to catch from him a sense of the lively personal charm of these would-be civilized rulers—Faisal II was happy at Harrow—but the whole book is darkened by tragedy perpetually impending, never to be avoided.

—C. CONWAY PLUMBE

WOOLSACK GATHERING

The Royal Conscience. Lord Russell of Liverpool. Cassell 25/-

Leaving the beasts of the Swastika and the Knights of Bushido smouldering sulphurously in his wake, Lord Russell



now takes a turn in the Broad Walk of English legal history. It makes a refreshing change for his readers and a seemingly welcome change for the writer himself, since this account of thirteen of the Lord Chancellors who have occupied the Woolsack since the Restoration is the best book that he has written so far. The judgments are sound though mostly unoriginal; the writing is crisp; the accounts of individual cases and episodes, legal or political, are effectively and succinctly related, and the salient public personalities of each Keeper of the Royal Conscience is admirably rendered.

Lord Russell is excellent on Cairns and Campbell—whose own *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* added, it was said, a new terror to death—rightly severe upon Eldon and interesting about that little-known champion of eighteenth-century liberties, Lord Camden. He writes understandingly about Haldane and with a championing sympathy of Birkenhead. (In this case his essay makes ample amends for much recent detraction.) Yet some of the best figures in the gallery are still missing. Where is the sombre Thurlow, the volatile Lyndhurst, the silvered, slippery Simon, the facile and dextrous Jowitt? There is material here for a second volume, with each portrait more fully drawn. — PHILIP HENGIST

A CURIOUS UPBRINGING

The Water-Shed. Reginald Payne. Faber, 18/-

This is a fascinating record of an odd life. Reginald Payne's father owned a prosperous furnishing store in Northampton; he was a vegetarian, non-smoking, teetotal Unitarian, and a hypochondriac who wrapped his son in wet sheets as an antidote for jaundice. He actually knew Dr. Allinson of brown bread fame, and was a walking guide to the vegetarian boarding-houses of Great Britain. Also he was deeply interested in spiritualism and phrenology; as a child Mr. Payne had his bumps read in all the major towns of England.

To these early eccentricities he looks back with affection mingled with surprise. He was sent to an experimental boarding-school run by a headmaster who ate raw eggs in nut-oil, but could teach. In the First War he was a conscientious objector, but his experiences as a medical orderly changed his beliefs, and he became a surgeon. It would be interesting to know to how many of these early beliefs he still clings. — ERIC KEOWN

CREDIT BALANCE

Looking for a Bandit. Anthony Carson. Methuen, 15/-.

Some forty new encounters of the matchless Carson in half a dozen European countries. He has a unique talent for transmuting everything into laughter without devaluing its deeper significance.

The Bishop's Aunt. L. E. Jones. Hart-Davis, 15/-.

A dozen urbane, witty and inventive short stories done with the grand charm that characterized the writer's four autobiographical books. It is hard to imagine anyone not enjoying them.



"Shall I be mother?"

BLOOD COUNT

A Mark of Displeasure. Elizabeth Hely. Heinemann, 16/-.

A quiet corker: aging Edinburgh widow poisons tiresome niece; M. Cirret of the Sûreté, holidaying at the Festival, is suspicious and gradually corners widow. Fascinatingly persuasive account of how widow (intelligent, dominating, very likeable) comes to commit murders out of boredom. More proper deductive detection—a complicated business with bottles of whisky, nicotine and cough linctus—than usual, and a very good end.

Whisper Town. Judson Philips. Gollancz, 13/6.

Drunk ex-judge kills three teenagers in motor accident in small American town and, to divert attention, supports agitation to accuse local teacher of causing wildness among teenage pupils by, mainly, sex-education. Intense, narrow-minded, phony ferment grows. Bad guys strongly drawn with bold strokes, good guys less so. Several twists at end, the final one a bit gratuitous.

Thunderball. Ian Fleming. Cape, 15/-.

Bond foils plan by international crook syndicate to blackmail Western World with hijacked A-bombs. Less sex, but more aqualung work than usual, in Bahamas. Plot jerky and thick with unlikelyhoods, but narration efficient, detailed and compelling. Funny start, with Bond seconded to nature cure home because he has been living it up too much.

The Sparta Medallion. H. L. Lawrence. Macdonald, 12/6.

Sinister sub-fascist organization, run by blackmailing ex-pupils of tough chain of international schools, rescues geologist in mistake for one of its agents from plane crash in Central America. Absurd, enjoyable skulduggery in Lima, with a particularly good local crook providing most of the running in the cause of righteousness.

The Traces of Brillhart. Herbert Brean. Heinemann, 15/-.

Gay to-do in New York, following apparent reappearance of horrible song-writer known to be dead by friend of hero. Several good turns in the plot, no unlikely heroics, amusing mid-highbrow dialogue, motivation a bit thin (especially policeman's incredible patience with hero and his girl Twit Twit).

Let Him Stay Dead. T. C. H. Jacobs. Hale, 10/6.

Private detective, hired to find out if mysterious etcher is still alive, becomes involved with a beautiful pickpocket and gangs of smuggler-forgers in Marseilles and Tangier. Quick, boyish and amoral.

A Killing Frost. Eric Burgess. Collins, 12/6.

Shifty manager of wharfinger's office is found stabbed in river after stealing bargee's girl. Bargee best of a good bunch of suspects until his grandad starts investigating. Some nice greasy characters and a strong smell of the Thames.

— PETER DICKINSON



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN



Dearest Mamma

ON March 16, 1861, in one of the smaller, cosier rooms at Frogmore, with "numerous tokens of womanly taste" in Berlin woolwork around her, there died the mother of the Matriarch of Europe: Victoria Mary Louisa, Duchess of Kent and Strathearn.

She had received other titles in her seventy-odd years: Mrs. Kent (bestowed by Creevey), the Swiss Governess (her one distinction from her brother-in-law, George IV). But from the moment in 1818 when, "with a fine figure, a pretty pink colour, and graceful accomplishments," she had become the wife of the Duke of Kent, Dearest

Mamma had deserved that title best. Dearest Mamma: she had only married to be the Dearest Mamma of an heir to the throne; thenceforward she had not swerved from maternal duty. No strict headmistress, prefect, monitor, not even Miss Buss, Miss Beale or Miss Brazil, could have given her points on the education of girls. The loyal observer strolling through Kensington Gardens who saw that "vision of exquisite loveliness," the Duchess breakfasting *alfresco* with her daughter, must have got a very lopsided impression. True, there was a page attending "at a respectful distance" (though near

enough, one hopes, to pass the marmalade).

But woe betide the Duchess's daughter if she failed to remember that breakfast was sharp at half-past eight, luncheon at half-past one, and dinner on the very stroke of seven. Dinner? It was a grandiose term. She ate her bread and milk out of a small silver basin, and tea "was only allowed her," so she remembered, "as a great treat in later years." Independence was permitted even more rarely than tea, and Victoria was never given a room to herself "till I was nearly grown up—always slept in my Mother's room till I came to the Throne." Spock might have comments to make to-day, Adler, Jung and Freud might offer some eloquent explanations, but the fact remains that, thanks to Mamma, the young Victoria could not even walk downstairs at Kensington without some responsible person holding her hand. "Thank God," wrote her half-sister, some years later, "thank God those years of trial are over!"

Dearest Mamma, were you really right to be as strict as that? We know you could be agreeable if you chose. We know you could be chatty with Creevey, and say "Shall we drink some wine?" and play two rubbers of whist with him at Brighton. We know you could keep Society "in perpetual motion" by throwing a series of *fêtes* at Kensington; we know that, when in 1835, you dined with the Exeters at Burghley House, and a pail of ice was landed in your lap, you faced the domestic disaster with grace and aplomb. Dearest Mamma, with your singing canary, your "gorgeously tinted inlaid table from the first Exhibition," your love of rich plumes and lavender crêpe and tartan and ribbons and flowers, of the gay bright fashions of your Betjeman time: Dearest Mamma, with your many virtues, so "handsome and agreeable," why did you have to be so very stern?

Perhaps because you were well aware, long before the Victorian Age, that Queen Victoria's mother could take no chances. But then, as Palmerston observed, "the Queen had an understanding of her own." And one cannot help feeling that she might have had a cup of tea once a week, and had a room to herself, and even walked downstairs, and still reigned over an Empire for sixty-three glorious years.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

The Birthday Party

PROMPT on the dot they march in, faces beaming
With battle-light and soap;
Twelve little boys with parcels, collars gleaming,
Hair-oiled and full of hope.

The barbarous orgy roars to its conclusion
'Mid jelly-spattered walls
And sausage-trodden carpets; wild confusion,
Black eyes and loud cat-calls.

We see why these mad annual rites find favour;
Careworn we comprehend,
As, fortified by double gins, we savour
The silence at the end.

— JEAN FLOWER

The Day They Tested Ethel

IT was quite a shock when I realized Ethel was due for the Old Wife Test. Of course I knew it was coming, but not quite that soon. Somehow I hadn't realized we had been married quite so long. "That's a good sign, anyway," said the clerk at the Ministry of Marital Affairs, handing me the necessary forms. "Shows everything's in working order, so to speak. Er, when will you bring her along?" I had to think about that: Monday was Ethel's washing-day, Tuesday she went to Bridge, Wednesday she cleaned the bedrooms, Thursday was usually put aside for a visit to Mother's—"Friday," I said. "Yes, I think Friday would be a good day." "Right," said the clerk with a show of efficiency, "Friday at 3 p.m. then." And I watched as he wrote Ethel's name down on a rather long list. "Er, by the way," I said, pausing on the way out, "Do you think I should tell her, or maybe—?" The clerk shook his head. "No, I wouldn't bother to tell her. They're inclined to be rather fussy. You just bring her along

with you on Friday—we'll do the rest."

It was quite a problem, actually. At first I tried the direct approach. "Would you like to come for a walk?" and "How about a trip to the Zoo?" but somehow Ethel didn't seem interested. Indeed she settled down quite happily with a pile of ironing in the kitchen, and I knew it was time to use Male Knowledge of Female Psychology. Without another word I went upstairs and changed and spruced myself up, then put on my coat and crept downstairs towards the front door. I just had my hand on it when Ethel's voice rang out, like the lash of a whip. "And where do you think you're going?"

After that it wasn't too difficult to get her down town and passing the Ministry doors. "Look," I said, "I just want to pop in here a moment. Come along." "I don't want to come along." "Oh, Ethel, really, it won't take a minute—" "What won't take a minute?"—"Oh, all right, I'll go in on my own."—"Hey, just you wait a minute—I'm coming."

Soon, rather to my surprise, we were

up in the Testing Room, and it was too late for Ethel to try any of her tricks. In no time at all four hefty policewomen had her by the arms and legs and she was dumped into the testing chair and strapped down. I must say I was most impressed. I could see that was the only way to handle Ethel—unfortunately I was unlikely to have the services of several policewomen, whereas Ethel, in the familiar confines of our home, would have ready access to the rolling pin, several pots and pans and a variety of other weapons of war.

"You won't hurt her, will you?" I said anxiously. "I mean, not badly?" One of the clerks beamed. "Of course not. We'll just give her a thorough good testing, I'm sure it won't hurt at all. Now if you like to call back in an hour's time—" "Oh," I said disappointedly, "can't I stay and watch? I'd be most interested." The clerk was most apologetic but firm. "Very sorry, sir, it's quite against the rules."

It seemed a very long hour. I waited in the special owners' waiting room, with one or two other husbands. In the way one does at such times of crisis we exchanged confidences, discovering many experiences in common. We had all been married the statutory number of years, several of us had large families, all of us had difficulty in making ends meet. "I don't know how I shall manage if she fails," said one man, shaking his head gravely as if expecting the worst. "I simply can't afford a new one." "No," said another, agreeing, "and the second-hand market isn't what it was, that's the trouble." "Besides," said a third, "they're really not much use if they haven't passed the test."

Now and then one of us was called off to hear the verdict. By the time my turn came I was quite depressed. It seemed to me impossible that they would pass Ethel, with her bad temper and other aggressive symptoms, not to mention her highly indifferent cooking. And yet, familiarity breeds a kind of loving, as Graham Greene might have said. I went up to the chief clerk, nervously clearing my throat, and gave him our index number. He nodded vaguely. "Ah, yes. She's waiting for you in the rest room. Afraid she took it rather badly." "Oh, dear," I said. "Has she failed the test?" "No," said the clerk enigmatically. "She's passed."

— DENYS VAL BAKER



"I think it needs just a dash more riboflavin—and another soupçon of benzoate-of-soda."

Toby Competitions

No. 158—Edith, Where Art Thou?

WRITE, in verse, the preamble to a Short Bill to Prohibit Boxing. Limit 14 lines.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, March 29.** Address to TOBY COMPETITIONS No. 158, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 155 (Housewives' Delight)

Competitors were asked to devise a prestige-boosting but not really helpful kitchen gadget. Some gruesome inventiveness was shown, though a good many inventions (e.g., egg-peelers) were the same.

The winner was:

KEN GEERING
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A fully automatic
BOOT AND SHOE REMOVER
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"De Luxe"—With built-in polisher, lace-splicer and lace equalizer.

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Immediately strikes the eye. Causes much pleased comment.

Cannot jam or amputate foot.

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Warning buzzer and winking light indicate when removal of tightly buckled shoe is breaking ankle.

Matching stool, floor-bolts, armstraps, optional.

Following are the runners-up:

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E. O. Parrott, 47 Dancer Court, Chelsea Manor Street, S.W.3

THUMBSCOPE

The gadget, looking like a small portable gramophone, stands near the kitchen cooker. The turntable, however, does not rotate but tilts slightly in any direction under pressure. The housewife pops a dinner plate on the disc and heaps food upon it. As she does so a ha'penny-sized blob of light moves round the rim of the plate, so as to be always at its lowest point. This is the best position for the housewife's thumb when she comes to pick up the plate. Accidental sloppings, rollings and slitherings are thereby avoided, and both nerve and thumb strain reduced.

R. A. McKenzie, 28 Harold Road, Beulah Spa, London, S.E.19

HOUSEWIVES' DELIGHT

"Darling, what are those fascinating chimes coming from the kitchen?"

"Oh, that must be the new Frostmaster. It has a little built-in alarm, you know, to warn you if the automatic switch fails to turn off the light when you shut the door of the freezing compartment."

"But darling, what a wonderful saving of current! I must tell George!"

"Yes, and if you have a 'contemporary' kitchen, instead of our little Jacobean unit, you can get it in tom-toms instead of *The Magic Flute*."

Mrs. John Addington, Stivers, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks

THE POTATO PENETROMETER

This new kitchen gadget outdates the traditional fork method for testing boiled potatoes, replacing guesswork with scientific accuracy. When it is suspected that potatoes are boiled, a sample should be placed in the hollow at the base of the penetrometer and its weighted needle adjusted to impinge upon the potatoes' surface. The built-in stopwatch should then be started, and the needle allowed to fall for five seconds, the depth of penetration then being measured, giving a scaled reading, showing whether the potatoes are ready, or how much extra boiling is required.

R. S. White, 14 Grove Lane, Ipswich, Suffolk

Book-tokens also to: J. A. Lindon, 89 Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey; R. Hall, The Priory, Church Street, Leatherhead, Surrey and Mrs. H. E. Woodburn-Bamberger, 54 Hampstead Lane, N.IV.3



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Why some people read The Times at night

THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE who imagine that The Times is always read at breakfast propped against a silver coffee pot. This idea is as generally out of date as the way of life it suggests.

Many busy people, like the house surgeon in the picture, simply cannot get to The Times until the evening, and often don't have long to read it then. The Times serves well such rushed and hardworked people. It does not waste their time with piffle. It presents the news in a clear straight way. It is an easy paper to find your way about. There is no question as to what is fact and what opinion. This is important, for Times readers are not the sort who like to be told what somebody wished had happened instead of what actually happened. This independence of mind and dislike of the second-hand in Times readers is what, so often, takes them to the top.

If you value your time, and trust your own judgment, you may be on the way to taking The Times yourself.

Top People read THE TIMES

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How is one to do this in a world where the critical faculties are bludgeoned by hard-sell or sedated by soft; in which catering for minority tastes is regarded as an unprofitable bore?

At the risk of being charged with hard, soft or some other kind of sell, I would like to draw your attention to what *The Observer* is doing about it. It adds up to quite a lot.

One thing that will strike you fairly soon is that *The Observer* will say what, if anything, is wrong with a product, as well as what is right. This is rather uncommon in the newspaper world, and may involve offending 'the trade'; but if this is a necessary price to pay for independence, *The Observer* is clearly prepared to pay it.

On your side

For example: you will often find, in *The Observer*, contributions by Eirlys Roberts, editor of 'Which?', and Elizabeth Gundry, editor of 'Shopper's Guide', reporting the results of their systematic investigations into the value-for-money of goods of all kinds. Patience Gray is another, and more regular, shopper's friend; and Syllabub's column, "In the Kitchen", is fertile with suggestions for transcending the limits of the mass food market.

Pierre d'Harcourt, blazing holiday trails for the adventurous, does not pretend that every resort is unalloyed bliss. Katharine Whitehorn, a fashion writer witty enough to be enjoyed by men, is distinctly candid. Dr. Abraham Marcus reviews patent medicines with a sometimes disconcerting frankness. And Dinah Brooke writes about Education from a position shoulder to shoulder with parents.

The point is that in face of big business or officialdom *The Observer* is on *your side*. It's rather nice to have it there.

J.B.L.

Among the
good
things
of
life...



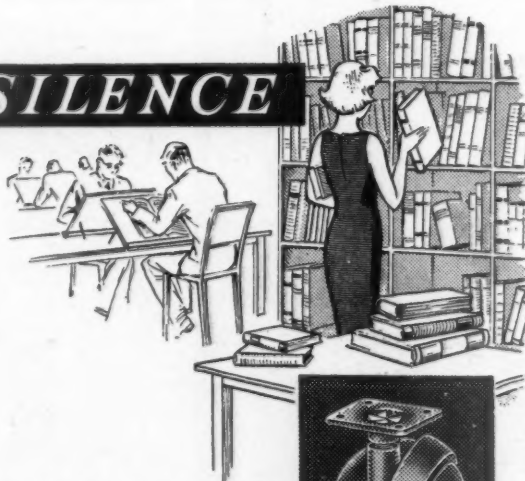
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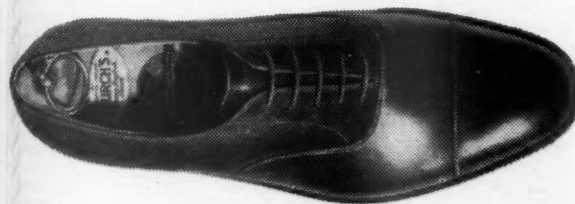


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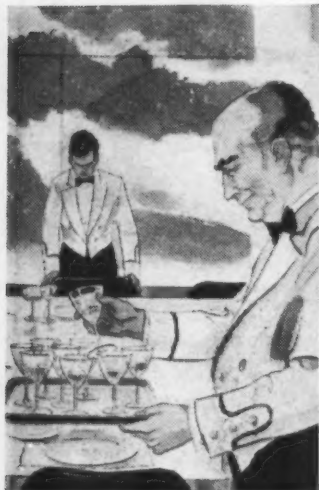
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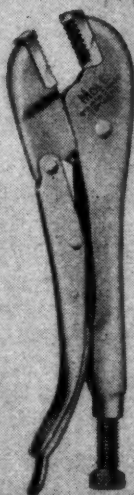
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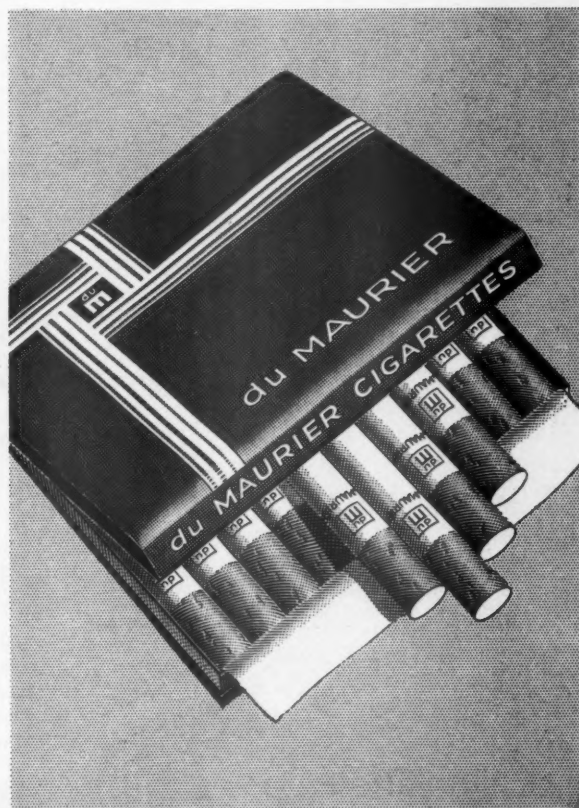
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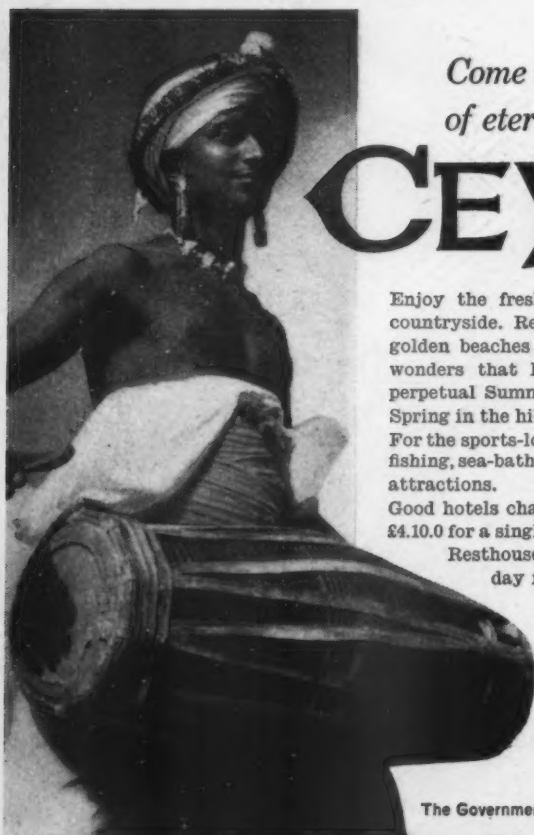


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